

# The Listener

Published by the British Broadcasting Corporation

Vol. XII

Wednesday, 1 August 1934

No. 290

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS		PAGE	PSYCHOLOGY:	PAGE
IS THERE TOO MUCH FORMAL EDUCATION? (Douglas Woodruff) .. .. .	173		Does Race Count? (Robert Saudek) .. .. .	197
THE WORLD YESTERDAY AND TODAY:			MICROPHONE MISCELLANY:	
Labour Troubles in America (S. K. Ratcliffe) ..	175		The Floods in Poland—Machinery and the Farm-hand—Nineteenth Century Social-worker—Preliminaries to a Japanese Tea Party .. .. .	201
A Folk Museum for Britain? (Dr. Cyril Fox) ..	178		POINTS FROM LETTERS:	
Political Liberty—Can We Preserve It? (Major C. R. Attlee) .. .. .	181		The Royal Academy—Musical Compositions and Interpretations—What Lies Behind Clairvoyance?—School Dramatic Productions—Should Our Spelling be Simplified?—Test Cricket on Brighton Front—Practical Research in Economics—Seeds and Weeds .. .. .	205
Dr. Dollfuss (Baron Georg Franckenstein) ..	184		SHORT STORY:	
The German Scene (R. H. S. Crossman) ..	184		Ace High (Peter Fleming) .. .. .	208
Growing Wings—Discouragement (Filson Young) ..	189		POEM:	
THE LISTENER:			Toril (Roy Campbell) .. .. .	209
Hollywood under Fire .. .. .	182		BOOKS AND AUTHORS:	
Week by Week .. .. .	182		Boswell Up to Date (Arundell Esdaile) .. .. .	210
The School Broadcast Programme .. .. .	199		Writers of America—II. The New England Background (Geoffrey West) .. .. .	211
MUSIC:			Professor and Poets (E. M. W. Tillyard) .. .. .	212
The 'Proms' (Harvey Grace) .. .. .	185		The Listener's Book Chronicle .. .. .	213
ART:			New Novels (Edwin Muir) .. .. .	216
What I Like in Art—VII. Titian's 'Bacchus and Ariadne' (Rt. Hon. W. Ormsby-Gore) .. ..	186		PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION .. .. .	204
SCIENCE:			THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD .. .. .	ii
Madame Curie (A. S. Russell) .. .. .	188		SUMMARY OF PROGRAMMES .. .. .	vi
ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS AND MOORLANDS:				
Hikers Through a Landlord's Eyes (The Duke of Montrose) .. .. .	191			
The Walker's Right to the Hills (Dr. E. A. Baker) ..	194			
GARDENING:				
Sentiment in the Garden (Jason Hill) .. .. .	203			

## Educational Issues of Today

### I—Is There Too Much Formal Education?

By DOUGLAS WOODRUFF

*Introduction to a lively discussion of the kind of subject which every parent, teacher and educator has to face. Co-education, Religion in Schools, Day and Boarding School, Examinations, and the School Leaving Age are some of the topics which will be reviewed by educational experts*

A MAN is uneducated who does not know what you think he ought to know. Ignorance is a weapon of which it is natural to try to dispossess one's adversary. And it is the solace of everybody that things would be as they liked them if only people in general were more educated—in, of course, the true sense of the word. Whoever asks the question, What is the good of education? challenges the private hopes of everybody with causes to advance. He challenges also the great vested interest which has grown up out of the dames' schools and simple ushers of olden days. The purveying of stereotyped instruction in a range of selected subjects is now a trade, with subsidiary trades such as the manufacture and distribution of text-books or the provision of classroom fittings. Blackboards and chalk have apparently come to stay. In the series which THE LISTENER is about to publish, the school will be looked down on from various heights, and the why and wherefore of the long curriculum which all children, whatever their parents' position, are, with slight differences, sentenced to plod through, will be looked at and appraised with reference to all the

ends which education can be said to serve. There is no doubt that ordinary children find too much classroom in their lives. What the poet Gray called 'the graver hours that bring constraint to sweeten liberty' could do their sweetening work if there were far fewer of them. There is something about classrooms which makes time seem long. Time is long anyway for children. A year is measured by the number of other years of which you have experience. It is an enormous period to a person with only six other years behind him, and it is an all too short period to a man past sixty. Judges might perhaps remember this when allotting sentences and not think that a very young man can more easily spare the time to do a long stretch. Mornings in classrooms are much longer businesses than mornings in offices. School hours are probably much less disliked and much more interesting than they were in the past when it was assumed that anybody could be a teacher who knew how to be fierce; but they are still things which are not endured for their own sake, but under compulsion, and so the burden of proof lies with those who with their ink and rulers draw up their schedules, apportioning between French, Algebra, History, and Chemistry the periods which build up the scholastic week and the term



and the years. It is their responsibility to justify appropriating the enormous slice which they demand of a child's only childhood.

In a sense divisions among educationalists have already sold the pass. The moment choice was allowed to enter in and the special sanctity of certain pursuits ceased to be urged as a semi-divine commandment, it became increasingly hard for teachers to defend any subjects on their own merits. If a wide choice is to be provided, if the inclinations of the pupil are—as they are—very important, the teacher can only plead base difficulties of school organisation for his refusal to let pupils do what they really like, what they have a flair for doing, even if it is not sufficiently popular for other pupils at the same place and time to want to do it with them. There has been, in short, a shifting of emphasis, very fatal to pedagogues, from the subjects studied to the pupils studying them. Instead of asking how good at Latin verse or Greek prose a boy has become, the question is rather whether he has benefited by studying Latin and Greek, what they can show in the way of advantages brought to him which no other subjects could have brought. The psychologist has proved a treacherous friend to the schoolmaster. Schoolmasters thought they were being very up-to-date in admitting that there might be quite large differences between their pupils, and that the programme of a form might not be equally suited to everyone in it. It was a fatal error. Now that subjects are looked at like drugs to be suited to particular constitutions, there is no answer to those who demand that a special prescription be compounded for their unique boy.

On the old basis education was not difficult to defend. There was a common fund of instruction, in the upper walks of English society and on the Continent, and if you desired to be an important and affluent person, you had to be prepared to acquire your due share of the reading which entitled you to enter the freemasonry of the educated. Looked at now, that education can be seen to have been extraordinary in its limitations. It was a Renaissance education whose main lines were laid down in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries with the main desire of getting away from the spirit and curriculum of the Middle Ages. It made the most of the very few surviving poets, and the still fewer surviving great prose writers, of the centuries B.C., and it devoted minute attention to understanding every reference in Virgil and Horace and Homer. It could not altogether neglect the past history of England, particularly as it reached the centuries immediately past. There had to be some elementary instruction in writing and arithmetic, but it was the classical discipline which was mentioned in the perorations and it was the classical scholars who were the cocks of the walk. At the old public schools boys were flogged for false quantities in their construing of classical authors, because, to a mystical belief in the study of antiquity was added the further idea that the study of Greek and Latin were an unrivalled discipline for the mind, because the most successful men from the Universities and in the Church had shone in that particular curriculum. As long as there was this orthodoxy there was an obvious case for shoving the heads of the young down into it. But it exists for better or worse no longer. Today there is a medley, and an all-round smattering is offered by schools anxious to throw their net over as many fish as possible, and to please parents, whether they are strictly utilitarian or ardent believers in the humanities, or do not mind what a boy is taught so long as he is kept occupied. It is now common practice to justify any part of the school syllabus either as mental training or as practical accomplishment. Spanish treads on the heels of German and French with arguments hardly less valid for Chinese, since China is a vaster hinterland for trade than South America. The case for learning the simpler processes of arithmetic can only with increasing difficulty be stretched to include those upper reaches where logarithms, algebra, geometry, and trigonometry cause vexation to the young. Once the rudiments are passed, in adding as in

spelling, the defence has to be the familiar one of the need for a mental gymnastic. Befogging metaphors can then transform the classroom and the inky textbook into a gymnasium with punch-balls, leather horses and parallel bars. But the unhappy truth for the teaching profession is that these subjects only serve that purpose clumsily and barbarously, and that simple intellectual exercises, if steadily repeated, can produce far greater results in about a tenth of the time. Enough is now known of the structure of the memory and the importance of association to enable memory exercises to be devised with playing cards or words, and games like the well-known card game to which the name Pelman Patience is commonly attached can not only demonstrate how naturally good the memories of children are, but also how rapidly they can be improved by the right exercise. No teacher would dare to say that playing cards were the principal equipment of his classroom, but there is no moral censure for young stamp collectors; and the truth is that it is the pursuit of a hobby, chosen for its own sake, such as learning Bradshaw by heart—for Bradshaw is a book to which boys naturally gravitate—which really affords the training in accuracy, in concentration, in grasping fine distinctions, in fact in all the intellectual virtues for which credit is somewhat impudently claimed for classroom subjects. Interest has so much to do with mental ability that the mind grows far more rapidly and successfully when feeding on subjects congenial to it, so that everyone notices the huge improvement in the quality of the reasoning and in the range of information commanded when a boy is talking of his chosen holiday pursuits, in contrast with his performance under examination on a set school subject.

The further charge lies at the door of organised education that it blunts or kills susceptibilities by premature attempts to induce, for example, an appreciation of Milton in a boy of fourteen. The custom of using the finest productions of the English lyrical imagination as punishment fodder to be learnt quantitatively by the line has left an unpleasant association lasting through life for only too many boys. History is an equal sufferer with literature, and the great novelists are themselves conscripted and made into holiday tasks. At one extreme there are boys who would anyway discover these rich fields for themselves, at the other there are boys for whom they will never mean anything, but in between there are a great many boys with potential or incipient tastes for historical and literary pursuits, and for these boys a great psychological barrier is erected when books that reek of the classroom, and still more of the examination syllabus, come forward and spoil what should be a gracious and leisurely library atmosphere. In all other walks of life it is recognised that there is a deep rooted perversity which makes people turn from or underrate what is thrust at them, and go eagerly after what nobody seems particularly anxious for them to have. The lover of history, of literatures ancient, mediæval or modern, of the fine arts, or other recreations and fortifiers of the spirit, must tremble when he catches a glimpse of the scholastic mortar-board and gown bearing down in his direction and seeking for further spoils with which to decorate the blackboards. The truth seems to be that the teaching profession knows too much and has grown too grand. If school can still be thought of, if not in terms of Mr. Creakle at any rate in terms of Mr. Mell, if canes and buttered toast and short exciting classes for instruction in essential rudiments could take the place of the vast machine, the Frankenstein's monster, of the ambitious curriculum dominated by the examination industry, the personalities of the young would escape from a dreadful uniform pressure. Organisation and vanity will kill anything in the end, and the schooling business has never been so firmly rooted in reason and humanity as to be able to survive the vast pretentious structure now being raised upon it. We may yet live to see a movement on whose banner will be the legend, 'Back to simplicity and Squeers'.





'From Chaos to Industrial Recovery under Roosevelt'—sketch for a forty-foot mural by Paul R. Meltsner. This and the following three illustrations are examples of work carried out under the Treasury Department of Washington, Public Works of Art Project

Photographs: Midtown Galleries, New York

## Labour Troubles in America

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

*We have asked Mr. Ratcliffe to expand the topical talk which he gave on the San Francisco Strike on July 19 into an article treating more fully of the big question involved*

THE Labour dispute in San Francisco, which provided sensational news through a week or more of July, is one of the most significant happenings in America during the past twenty years. It included a general strike and, as we know, a general strike is always treated as an event of world importance. General Hugh S. Johnson, Director of the National Recovery Administration, speaking over the air from the strike front, declared that the outbreak had brought the United States to the most critical moment in its history. That, obviously, was an exaggeration; but to say that the condition of San Francisco last month was symptomatic of a very grave national situation would certainly not be an over-statement. The widespread Labour uprising of the present year has a direct relation to the National Recovery programme. This is a central fact, well understood throughout America, and in trying to estimate the results of President Roosevelt's national policy we have to bear it in mind.

### Magical San Francisco

San Francisco is a place with a magical name. On many occasions since the wild gold rush of 1849 it has thrilled the

world, and one cannot believe that San Francisco will ever lose its thrill. It occupies one of the marvellous sites of the world. The city and its suburbs are spread widely over the slopes of a landlocked bay, which, entered at the renowned Golden Gate, is at all seasons a place of wonder and enchantment. Nowhere on the earth is there a region more highly

favoured by nature than this stretch of the Pacific Coast. Here is a glorious land, productive of nearly all good things, and enjoying an enviable climate. If on any portion of the earth's surface mankind might be expected to live in peace, this surely is the place. But as a matter of fact, the Golden State has a long tradition of social violence, and not even in the grimmest industrial centres of the Middle West has the strife between Capital and Labour been more bitter than in California. It is, indeed, the contrast between the loveliness of the background and the harshness of the social conflict breaking out at intervals that gives a painful interest to life in California.

### A Charter for Labour?

For the proximate origin of the present struggle, we must go to the National Recovery Act—the measure upon



'Drilling for Oil', by Domenico Mortellito





'Boulder Dam', by Stanley Wood

*Photograph: Midtown Galleries, New York*

which the elaborate structure of the regulating Codes has been built up. American Labour is chiefly interested in a single section of the Act, No. 7A. This provides that 'employees shall have the right to organise and bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing,' and that they shall be free from any interference by employers in organising themselves and in their choice of representatives. American citizens, of course, have always possessed this right, although in fact no claim has ever been more fiercely contested. Section 7A was welcomed a year ago as the charter of Union Labour, but it has not proved to be anything of that kind. It did not bring peace, but a sword. With the establishment of the N.R.A. and the working out of the Codes, the country was compelled to realise that a new epoch of industrial dispute had begun. Strikes broke out in almost every State of the Union. At times the Department of Labour in Washington, under Secretary Frances Perkins, has had to deal with scores of disputes, the large majority of them being referable to N.R.A., and Section 7A. Labour everywhere was protesting against the alleged refusal of employers to obey the law, while the employers, and especially the great industrial corporations, contended that the law did not place upon them the obligation to recognise and negotiate with outside unions. They met the new demands of Labour for unionisation and recognition by pressing on with the formation of company unions. Their argument was that they were not hostile to union labour as such, but that they stood upon the old American principle of the Open Shop and would not tolerate the interference of Labour agitators or organisers from the outside.

The recovery policy has brought with it a new activity and determination on the part of the labour unions after years of

apathy and decline; and the employer class, especially the great corporations, have displayed alarm over these developments. They believe them to be revolutionary in aim, and they fear that, if the unions continue to increase in strength, the dominance of organised Labour over the entire field of American industry cannot be prevented. This is at least the clear implication of the employers' very powerful propaganda.

### Trade Union Expansion

The expansion of the labour unions during the twelve months covered by the N.R.A. has been remarkable. Acting under the stimulus of Section 7A, the American Federation of Labour began last summer a nation-wide drive for membership, and at the same time it gave a new and aggressive lead in strike policy, which made a strong contrast to the cautious temper that had been exhibited during the Hoover depression by all the Federation leaders.

It may well seem surprising, in view of their traditional and unabated hostility to the unions, that the employers were ready to accept the Recovery Act, including the offending clause, and to co-operate—as undoubtedly they were doing last year—with the N.R.A. The explanation is not difficult to find. The Roosevelt Administration came in when trade and employment were at their lowest, and when the country was in the worst financial crisis ever known. The business world was in panic. There could at that time be no resistance in any quarter to the President's policy: the Recovery Act would have been passed, no matter what it had contained. But it is not to be denied that putting of union recognition into the Act meant going far ahead of the mind of the employer class.

Moreover, improved conditions mean the reawakening of the employers' animosity to the unions no less than the en-



hanced activity of organised labour. Or, to put it another way: the return of industrial strife in America provides unanswerable evidence of improved conditions. Labour is restive because the workers as a whole have again become hopeful. But Labour is also resentful, because it suspects that the Federal Government is powerless to enforce the Recovery Act and, in particular, is unable to convict and punish those firms and corporations which are violating the Codes or refusing to put themselves in line with Section A.

### An Epidemic of Strikes

Hence the extraordinary picture of industrial strife which the country has presented since last winter. The smaller disputes have been almost without beginning or end. The more serious have occurred in the greatest industries, and several times they have brought the American system to the verge of disaster. Three months ago an enormous strike in the motor-car industry centred in Detroit was staved off only by the President's direct intervention. A few weeks later Pittsburgh and the other steel cities were within touch of stoppage. Encounters between the crowd and the militia made the city of Toledo, Ohio, a battleground for several days. In Minneapolis a strike of truck-drivers led to similar scenes, when the National Guard to the number of several thousands were ordered out. In Milwaukee, a city which has been able to claim a special position, in comparison with nearly all the Middle West centres, on account of its freedom from the gang evil, there actually occurred at the end of June a mild and limited form of general strike, which did not fail. It began with a strike of electrical and street-car workers, and it was managed with so much discipline that, at the end of forty-eight hours, the strikers were successful on the principal issues.

### The 'Frisco Longshoremen

There can be little doubt that the Milwaukee strike had more



'Gold Is Where You Find It', by Tyrone

Photograph: Midtown Galleries, New York

field, which is a wilderness of casual employment, and they are protesting against the continuance in private hands of the employment agencies.

The organisation of the great strike was surprisingly complete. No fewer than 115 unions were represented at the meeting called to decide upon it, and about 150,000 men were included at the start. The actual appearance of a general strike over the area was attained by the control of food supplies, and the closing of many hundreds of cafés and restaurants in a city more than usually given to eating in public. The General Strike Committee was successful in maintaining discipline, and it put itself

into a good strategic position by demanding all-round arbitration and by urging the Western State Governors and the principal mayors to appeal for the President's intervention. Mr. Roosevelt was out in the Pacific, several days' sail from San Francisco. It takes a good deal to disturb him, and he sent a message to the effect that he hoped and expected San Francisco to find its own way out.

It was clear from the start that the general strike must collapse, and equally clear that this startling affair had brought back the bitterness and fear which have in the past been associated with Labour conflicts on the Pacific Coast. Portland and Seattle, both important seaports, are also involved; and the gravest new feature of the situation is the revival of the Vigilantes, those irregu-



Police guards attacking longshoremen with tear-gas bombs in the recent San Francisco strike

Keystone

lar guardians of public order who are a throwback to the times of wild lawlessness in the Far West; they can be far more efficiently organised than of old, and their methods are exceedingly drastic. At the moment it may be accurately stated that the immediate and most sinister result of the strike and general-strike policy in California has been to saddle Pacific Coast cities with a fresh organisation of Fascist bands, which are likely to be a serious embarrassment to the State and Federal Governments.

than a little influence upon the unions of San Francisco, which a fortnight later decided to venture a general strike in support of the longshoremen whose strike had already lasted many weeks. The longshoremen of the great Pacific ports stand today, as regards certain essential matters, virtually at the stage occupied by the London dockers at the time of their great strike forty-five years ago. That is to say, they are demanding a plan that would bring a degree of order into their





A Swedish Folk Museum exhibit—Interior of a house in the parish of Mora, Dalecarlia

*By courtesy of the Nordiska Museet, Stockholm*

## *A Folk Museum for Britain?*

By Dr. CYRIL FOX

*A talk recently broadcast in the West Regional Programme by the Director of the National Museum of Wales*

THE idea of a National Open-Air Museum for England is not some novel development, some fantastic scheme which may or may not be successful. Its importance has been stressed by a Royal Commission, and a Departmental Committee which was set up as a result of the recommendations of the Commission would by this time, had the financial crisis not intervened, have formulated definite proposals. Again, the experience of other nations proves the value of open-air museums. Let me tell you about one in Sweden.

At Skansen, a parkland some fifty to seventy acres in extent within the city boundaries of the capital of Sweden, some hundred or more buildings have been re-erected. These buildings—dwelling houses; farms complete with barns, stables, and cowsheds; mills, smithies, and other workshops—are chosen to illustrate as fully as possible the life and work of the people from the earliest times for which such constructions are available down to the nineteenth century. The lay-out of the buildings is spacious, trees, hedges, stone walls or grassland being utilised cunningly to create atmosphere; and many of the stables, cart-sheds, and so on, are actually in use for administrative purposes. The houses are placed, and the paths sign-posted, in such a manner as to enable the visitor to proceed down the centuries, seeing for himself the improvements in construction, and the growth of civilisation, as illustrated by a demand for comfort, or a desire for privacy.

An extraordinary effort has been made to recreate the past in them. Each farmhouse is appropriately fitted with contemporary furnishings, and the storerooms are in many cases stacked with dresses, utensils, materials, as they were when the buildings were inhabited. And if you ever visit Skansen you will see that the policy is to illustrate the life and the arts and

crafts of the common people through the centuries, rather than that of the aristocracy. That is very important. Side by side with the open-air museum, and under the same technical control, is the Folk Museum proper, in which the same sort of material is arranged scientifically to illustrate the folk art of Sweden—province by province.

I say unhesitatingly that this achievement of preservation, organisation, and popularisation is magnificent beyond the conception of those who have not personally studied it, and naturally these open-air museums have aroused the interest of all classes of the population. They form regional and national centres for folk dancing, folk music, and for the practice of craftsmanship. Once started, the local open-air museum has developed as a result of the intense interest taken in it by the people, who appreciate it as peculiarly their own. For example, the women of Gudbrandsdal recently celebrated their acquisition of the suffrage by presenting to the Lillehammer Museum a complete farm of no less than twenty buildings. The cultural influence of these museums has been as remarkable as their popularity. To them artists and craftsmen resort, and they have served to initiate and maintain in the North a renaissance of the native culture, to which is due much of the noble present-day craft work in glass, textiles and pottery, and the splendid originality of recent architecture and sculpture.

Can it be doubted that Great Britain needs open-air museums as much as Sweden? Isn't it worth while to secure in this country all these educational and cultural benefits? When I was in Copenhagen some four years ago, a public man who knew something of England asked me my views on the museum service in his country, and I expressed my admiration for the adjacent open-air museum—Lyngby—and my regret that we had nothing like it. He was genuinely aston-



ished, and said that in Denmark, with its intensive reconstruction of rural life, it had been a matter of some difficulty to get the buildings together, whereas in Britain it ought to be the easiest thing in the world. 'I read your illustrated journals', he said; 'is not England—country, town and village alike—one great museum of antiquities? Your people are naturally conservative and have never suffered the devastation of war; have you not a wealth of house furnishings, made by peasants, of every period? What prevents you from possessing the finest "field museums" in Europe?' I replied somewhat ruefully, that that indeed was the reason: so long as people see around them the wealth and variety of ancient buildings

which graces every part of our land; so long as peasant furnishings are so accessible in the antique shops of every market town; so long will it be difficult to secure public support in this country for the establishment of open-air museums.



Folk-dancing at a 'field museum'

In this wealth lies our danger. Rich as we are, the supply of unspoilt and available exhibits, especially in respect of the earlier centuries, so important from the cultural, evolutionary and educational points of view, is not inexhaustible. We ought, we must, take steps to secure our heritage.

If only some convenient site were secured, some nucleus of an endowment, many a suitable ancient and unspoilt house would, I am sure, come into national possession almost for the asking. For the public conscience is now aroused, and the destruction or defacement of old buildings hopelessly out of place in their modern setting in, say, an industrialised market town or village, is carried through as an ugly though necessary business. Were it possible for such old buildings to be re-erected on a public site, many an owner in such circumstances would gladly offer them to the nation. It might almost come to be a part of our conservation laws, that an owner desiring to develop a site by demolishing a house 'scheduled' as an ancient monument must offer it to the nation. Our newspapers have recently devoted space to the threat of destruction to old buildings arising out of the slum clearance schemes of the Ministry of Health. Old houses at Folkestone and Durham in particular have been much discussed; and in East Anglia I have seen fine mediæval houses under threat of demolition. Were there mediæval open-air museums in being, the re-erection of the finer examples would be the natural and proper solution of the difficulty.

I am convinced that a national open-air museum needs only a moderate sum of money to initiate it: the ideal nucleus is, of course, an old manor house with its surrounding dependent cottages, but we could start, as the Northern Museums for the most part started, without such aids. We have, in Britain, as public-spirited a wealthy class as is anywhere to be found. Why this magnificent opportunity of doing service to the community, of creating a new and wholly delightful interest in life for tens of thousands of fellow-citizens has never been seized upon by one of our philanthropic leaders of industry passes my understanding.



Danish farm buildings kept as an Open-air Museum  
Illustrations by courtesy of the Open-air Museum of Lyngby, Copenhagen



I see no reason why a museum of this class, started in Britain, in an area accessible to large populations, should not acquire a popularity similar to that of the Zoological Gardens, and it would rapidly become financially self-supporting. We are a homely people, and the deep-seated love of looking into other people's houses has never been properly exploited, educationally.

Again, so diversified is our national life, so diversified the expression of it (thanks to the variety of geological structure in Britain), that as soon as one central museum is safely launched we shall have to meet the demand for regional museums. These will illustrate the peculiar beauty and interest of such localised developments as the brick and flint houses of East Anglia, the timber-framing of the Welsh Marches, the stone houses of the Limestone belt. Here, again, is an opportunity for the wealthy man whose interests are local to create a regional field museum for his own district.

The regional open-air museums, when they come, as come they will, need adequate contents, domestic and occupational; carts, tools and implements for the sheds, barns and workshops, as well as furniture for the houses. This material must always, it is clear, be appropriate to the area whence the individual building came. Herein is a difficulty. The love of the antique and ease of transport has, in the last fifty years, so redistributed our old furniture that the acquisition of a piece in a particular county is no proof of its origin in or near that county. I have ventured to urge the provincial museums of this country to press on with the acquisition of pedigree pieces of country-made furniture. How valuable and vivid a record of regional arts and crafts could be secured by the purchase—for a Museum in the Midlands—of an old-established farming family's furniture in, let us say, the Vale of Trent!

There is another aspect of our traditional culture which has been neglected and which is equally important for the



Further Swedish Folk Museum exhibits: a malt house in Köla—

to generation by the system of apprenticeship. For every craft there was a range of tools sometimes extensive; in many cases these, though simple, were highly specialised for a well-defined function. Today it is just possible to collect and record the names of such tools, used in primitive industry by wheelwright, smith, or turner, for example; tomorrow it will be impossible. The importance of recording the technique of a dying industry before it is extinct is very great. It is impossible to learn the uses of individual tools, their names or their place in the sequence of a given series of operations, when the tradition of the craft is broken.



—and a village church in Seglora, Västergötland

Illustrations by courtesy of the Nordiska Museet, Stockholm

scientifically organised open-air museums when they come into being, whether regional or national. The quality of British craftsmanship in all fields of its activity has been widely extolled; it was sustained largely by a mass of unrecorded technique, the knowledge of which was passed on from generation

is driving about the country during the next three months ought to slip this little volume into his car-pocket: for if he is anything at all of a sightseer he will find it invaluable.

Mr. A. G. Street's recent series of talks, 'Thinking Aloud', will be published in book form in the autumn by Messrs. Faber.

On the right side of the holiday season comes a timely guide to *English Country Houses Open to the Public* (Allen and Unwin, 3s. 6d.), by Ralph Dutton and Angus Holden, which fills up several gaps left by the usual kind of guide book. It takes some seventy of the best known English houses open to visitors and gives brief sketches of their architecture and history, with information as to times of opening, charges, and so forth. The houses are classified in their counties, and several are illustrated with photographs. Whoever



'This Freedom'—IV

# Political Liberty—Can We Preserve It?

By Major C. R. ATTLEE, M.P.

*Could a Socialist policy be carried out without involving serious restrictions of freedom? Major Attlee, Deputy Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, in this article shows Labour as anxious as any other party to preserve and defend our traditional liberties*

**T**HERE are to my mind four essentials to the preservation of political liberty. Firstly, the citizen must be allowed the right of free expression of opinion which involves the opportunity of hearing both sides of a case and access to the means of publicity. Secondly, he must have the right of voting for his representative and thereby have a voice in deciding the personnel and policy of his rulers both in central and local government. Thirdly, he must be able from time to time to change his representative and thereby his Government. Fourthly, in the legislative and administrative councils the minority must be able to freely criticise the Government, while the majority must be allowed to carry through the programme for which it has a mandate within a reasonable period of time.

The first proposition may seem to be sufficiently obvious, but it has only been established with difficulty and is not even now accepted by all. Governments are prone to regard as sedition the expression of opinions which they dislike. It is not uncommon to find public men who, while accepting the general principle, limit the right of free expression to those who differ from them only in certain respects. They are not willing to allow the same right to those who attack what they consider to be fundamentals. This is the standpoint of all those who exalt the State into a god. The Fascist and the Communist stand here on common ground against the Socialist and the Liberal. In my view it is essential to political liberty that the only limit on free expression of opinion should be in respect of the advocacy of force or the use of words likely to lead to a breach of the peace.

## Freedom to Form Opinion

The danger to free speech does not come only from Governments, but from those who by disorder or by threat of force prevent meetings being held or use their economic power to victimise their opponents. Less obvious but equally dangerous is the monopoly of the means of publicity by property interests. A newspaper trust may in effect mean the denial of liberty to minority opinion. An instrument such as the B.B.C. requires the most careful safeguarding if it is not to be used as a means of instilling a particular point of view. The educational system can be similarly abused. It is the besetting sin of the self-righteous to aim at controlling the immature mind so as to mould all thought into their own pattern. One of the requisites of real political life is giving to all the opportunity of forming their own opinions. The greatest objection to the totalitarian State is its denial of free speech and its use of all the channels of publicity as mere conduit pipes for the official view.

The second essential which I have laid down is provided substantially by the British system of election, despite its defects. It does not give a nicely calculated reproduction in Parliament of every shade of opinion, but a general indication of the political desire of the country. Proportional Representation, while apparently giving the citizen greater liberty of choice and therefore greater freedom, in fact does the opposite. In this country, roughly speaking, the Government and the Opposition appear as two teams before the electors, who make their choice between them. Under Proportional Representation the effective choice of a Government is transferred from the electors to the elected. Bargaining between Parliamentary groups takes the place of a decision by the people. It tends also to give too much power to the machine.

## National Emergency is the Tyrant's Opportunity

Thirdly, periodical general elections are essential to political liberty. An elector must accept the consequences of his choice for a reasonable period, for the right of recall makes the representative a mere delegate. The period must not be too long, for the day of reckoning must always be in sight to check any irresponsibility on the part of the elected. A real attack on liberty is always signalled by an attempt on the part of

the executive to prolong its tenure of office beyond its allotted time. This is generally done on some specious plea of national emergency. National emergency is the tyrant's opportunity. The easiest method of inducing people to surrender their liberties is by raising a scare that the nation is in danger and by saying that party politics are toys to be laid aside till quieter times in view of the need for national unity, which in effect means the acceptance of the policy of the saviour of society of the moment. The surrender is, of course, only until the danger is past, but no dictator ever thinks that the danger is past or that anyone but he and his friends can save the State.

There remains the most difficult essential of liberty, the reconciliation of the claim of the minority to criticise with that of the Government to carry out its programme. This is the real test of democracy which so many countries have failed to pass. Over a very large part of the world, the eleventh commandment seems to be 'Thou shalt not suffer an Opposition to exist'. Hitherto in this country we have managed to secure this essential of democracy because we have recognised that the right to change the Government which must be inherent in a democracy is useless if an alternative is not forthcoming. We have succeeded here not because of any particular piece of constitutional machinery, but because of the spirit in which our constitution is worked. In this country an Opposition opposes and obstructs, but within limits because its members are conscious that they, too, some day will be the Government. The majority does not use its giant's power too ruthlessly, because it may soon be in Opposition. Further, a policy of applying the steam-roller to the Opposition may provoke rebellion, the final right of the outraged citizen.

## Overhauling the Parliamentary Machine

The modern criticism of Parliament tends to take the form of alleging that the machine works too slowly and that democratic government is inefficient. The impatient, and the advocates of efficiency at all costs, find some support in the fact that we live in an age of very rapid change and that much of our machinery has been devised in a more leisured age. Our Parliamentary system grew out of opposition to the executive when it was the King's, not the Parliament's. It was developed during the period of *laissez faire*, when the theory that Governmental interference should be reduced to a minimum prevailed. There is no doubt that there is a good deal of obsolete procedure that might well be swept away. For instance, much time is wasted in discussing twice over the same proposals, owing to a provision designed in the eighteenth century to meet a danger now non-existent.

Procedure in Committees is unbusinesslike, owing to a hesitation in giving adequate powers to chairmen to check unnecessary debate and time-wasting amendments. There is much vain repetition of old phraseology and indulgence in mere formalities. There is a very fair consensus of opinion as to the need for making the machinery of government up-to-date. It is not attempted owing to the fear of many that the baby may be emptied out with the bath water, for it is not so easy to alter old forms and to retain their spirit. I believe that such a reform is possible and urgently necessary if democratic liberty is to survive.

The final question still remains: How far are people really willing to accept the consequences of political liberty? Will those who have worked parliamentary institutions while they served their own interests be prepared to accept the verdict of the country for fundamental economic changes? Political liberty has been secured in this country only because in the long run majority opinion prevailed. The test will come when a majority of the electors give a mandate for a change of the economic order. It is the hope of all democrats that the transition will be made constitutionally and peacefully, and that political liberty will not be endangered by attempts to secure power by force, whether by adherents of the Left or the Right.





# The Listener

*All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 17s. 4d.; Overseas and Foreign, 19s. 6d. Shorter periods, pro rata.*

## Hollywood Under Fire

**D**URING the past two months a remarkable movement for 'purifying' the cinema has arisen in that country where the film has achieved its greatest triumphs and notoriety, the United States. In many other countries whose picture-houses have been long dominated by the products of Hollywood, mutterings and grumbles have been heard against the debased and often vicious character of this imported entertainment. But it has been assumed until recently that a plethora of gangster and sex films suited at any rate the tastes of the majority of the American public. With surprising suddenness, however, a storm of indignation has blown up against Hollywood, in the form of a campaign sponsored originally by the Roman Catholic Church in the U.S.A., but supported also by the principal Protestant and Jewish Churches, to bring pressure to bear upon film producers to eliminate the objectionable picture. It was Dr. Morgan, Chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority, who on May 8 set the ball rolling by calling for 'social control' of motion pictures representing the 'trusteeship in the best interests of the whole people'. In his address he threw some interesting light upon the reason why the motion picture industry had fallen from the beginning into hands more concerned with commercial success than with social responsibility. 'The moving picture', he said, 'appeared on the scene at a time when our metropolis abounded with men of vigour but without cultural background'—little wholesalers of European descent who were trying to break into some field where they could be independent and make their own way commercially. The men who took hold of the motion picture industry were 'of peasant background without much cultural discrimination, but exceptional in energy and business keenness. Commercial gain was almost the sole incentive, and by one of the peculiar twists of fate that industry had more capacity to educate the American public than almost any other agency in our national life. The fate of our nation culturally seems to have rested to some extent upon that accident of invention, combined with an accident of immigration and an accident in the distribution of commercial opportunity'.

Now the American people are becoming uneasily conscious that leaving this great entertainment industry in

such hands has not worked for the community's good. But the moral crusade that has taken form in the League of Decency and the organised boycott of picture-houses by adherents of the Churches has its alarming as well as its encouraging side. There have recently been many small signs that the industry itself is moving slowly towards a better standard of product and a deeper sense of responsibility. The drawing forth of Mr. Will Hays from his Presbyterian Church some years ago, to assume under trade auspices the censorship of motion pictures in the U.S., did not prove the success anticipated; but almost at the same time as the Churches began their crusade in May last a Motion Picture Research Council was inaugurated in New York with the object of encouraging the public to discriminate in its choice of films by the supply of effective criticism of new films and the giving of better publicity to films of unusual merit. Unfortunately, this positive policy was inaugurated only at the same time as the negative policy of boycott took root. And since it is easier to denounce and to boycott than to discriminate and to educate, there is some danger that the line of least resistance may be taken and it be supposed that a campaign of moral indignation—which, however right and justified, cannot keep at full heat for long—will be thought a sufficient means of permanently cleansing Hollywood from its ill propensities and ensuring a higher standard of film output and exhibition in the future. Those who remember Mr. Sinclair Lewis' novel *Elmer Gantry* may doubt whether this kind of fervid outburst will really do more than ruin a number of small exhibitors, cancel a number of film stars' contracts, and put into cold storage several *risqué* films; but when the hunt is over, will not the quarry emerge from his lair again little the worse for the fright he has received? The kind of change that is exemplified in the adaptation of a film to the new moral code by altering its title from "Gaily I Sin" to "Gaily I Sing" shows how little likely the leopard is to change his spots out of mere fright. On these grounds some will pin their faith rather to the less exciting activities of the Motion Picture Research Council and similar movements than to the more immediately impressive boycott.

There have been a few signs that the boycott movement might, if encouraged, spread to this country. On the whole, we are a less emotional people than our cousins across the Atlantic, and in many ways more individualistic. Revivalist methods, that succeed so often over there, are here looked upon with coolness. Yet not many people would deny that some of America's lessons have to be learned here too, though probably by gentler methods of persuasion. Among films shown in this country, most of what is undeniably objectionable is removed before exhibition; but in its forms of publicity the film even in this country often does itself less than justice by making its products appear more sensational than they really are. Fortunately, the movements which aim at encouraging better films in our theatres are becoming well established, and in their encouragement lies the best hope both of convincing the industry that good films pay better than bad ones in the long run, and of safeguarding public opinion from exaggerated outbreaks of moral indignation.

## Week by Week

**T**HE shooting of the Director of the Vienna Broadcasting Station a week ago in the course of the fighting in Austria adds one more to the list of broadcasting officials who have in the last year or two fallen innocent victims to political disturbances in which they had no part. These unfortunate episodes remind us that the growing importance of broadcasting in the modern social system has its dark as well as its bright side. Broadcasting is such a valuable instrument of publicity that its use by governments for important announcements has become customary in many countries; but this means that it also tends to become an



object of capture by desperate groups anxious to upset established political authority. Broadcasting officials or performers (in the Viennese tragedy a singer come to perform in the studio was also killed) merely carrying out their regular duties may in such circumstances suffer violence or ill-treatment. Unfortunately, immunity for non-combatants in political warfare can only be assured by an improvement in the weapons of political controversy. Democracy cannot live in an atmosphere of violence, nor can broadcasting healthily flourish or confer all the social benefits of which it is capable under such conditions.

The preservers of the countryside have been rewarded during the past fortnight with a crop of gains, particularly in Surrey. The 'sterilisation' of the large area north of Leith Hill, which was threatened by the hand of the builder, has been brought about through the co-operation upon a considerable scale of private landlords with public authorities. A step has been taken comparable with the protection of part of the Lake District brought about by the National Trust a month ago. The basis of both the Lake District and the Surrey schemes is a voluntary covenant between the landlords and a public body to limit the use of the land so as to prevent its suburbanisation. The Surrey hills are at least as important to the Londoner as the Lake District is to the Northerner, and to the country as a whole. Had this area not been saved from the speculative builder, almost the last of the Londoner's easy accesses to really wild country would have been lost. It is also good news that ribbon building is to be prohibited on the new Guildford-Godalming by-pass, this reform being as important from the road-safety as from the æsthetic point of view. The awful example of the Kingston by-pass has evidently been a warning to the Surrey authorities, who are now taking steps to preserve their newer by-passes in a condition which should be imitated in all parts of the country. Another satisfactory achievement has been the saving of the view from Whiteleaf Cross in Buckinghamshire. And hard on this follows the interesting proposal made by the Chairman of the Surrey County Council that the preservation of historic and beautiful country estates ought to be encouraged by their treatment as heirlooms for purposes of death duty. If this concession were made dependent, as Mr. Shuter Ede suggests, upon giving the public access to such beauty spots upon certain prescribed days, more than one social advantage would be thereby gained.

Looking into the huge volume of 680 pages containing the revised census figures for 1931 in the form of occupational tables\*, it is easy to understand why Karl Marx placed so much importance on Government blue books as sources of social history. The present one brings statistical testimony to bear on recent developments in British industry. It provides ample support, for example, for Professor Hilton's contention, in his recent broadcast talks on British industry, that a widespread change in the relative importance of our industries is taking place. In the ten years since the previous census, the transport services have gained 150,000 workers, the electrical industries 75,000, the building industries 87,000; while equally striking are the decreases registered in some of the older industries, such as 82,000 in agriculture, 96,000 in mining and quarrying. Moreover, the need of more and more detailed control has increased the clerical and secretarial staffs of the various industries by 377,000 workers. Another interesting development to trace throughout these records is the steady penetration of women into every kind of occupation. In the professions they actually outnumber the men, the figures being 389,359 women and 356,726 men, and they are now also to be found in occupations usually regarded as a closed preserve for men. For example, 409 women are registered in the group of stationary engine drivers, dynamo and motor attendants. But the occupations in which women play their biggest part are personal services, 1,926,978; commerce, finance and insurance, 604,833; and textile manufacture, 574,094. One interesting change has been made in the method of classifying the industrial status of the workers. 'With the growth of joint stock companies', says the report, 'the old distinction between "employer" and "employee" has lost much of its significance and in place of these somewhat ambiguous classes, the categories "managerial" and "operative" have been substituted'. Of the total of

approximately nineteen million potential workers in this country, only approximately one million are placed in the managerial category. It would surely tax the skill and industry of Marx himself to decide which of the eighteen million 'operatives' properly belong to the 'proletariat'.

Discussion on the future of radio in the United States is evidently still as keen as ever, to judge from the number of pamphlets and articles on the subject which continue to reach us across the Atlantic. Mr. Levering Tyson, in an address on 'Where is American Radio Heading?' refers to the comparatively slow progress that educational broadcasting has made in America and declares that 'we have not convinced anyone, including ourselves, how radio can be used in education, nor have we solved basic problems in programme production. . . . If we are going to push for its wider uses we must compete on level ground for audiences that are accustomed to listen to a type of radio programme which differs from that we have produced so far'. The movement towards governmental control in the States is likely to have sooner or later reactions of some sort upon radio, but no one can yet forecast to what degree. 'Broadcasting is now a business in America', says Mr. Tyson, 'I believe that broadcasting will remain a business, but I believe American broadcasting will change'. The kind of change that is possible is indicated by Professor Kerwin, of the University of Chicago, in a pamphlet on 'The Control of Radio'. 'Let us realise', he writes, 'the best possibilities of private enterprise. Let us provide effective supervisory administration. A new policy must aim at the reconstruction or elimination of commercialism'. He thinks that alongside of the existing privately-owned stations, governmental stations may arise, providing a variety of programmes, both for education and entertainment, which would be available free of cost to all regularly licensed stations. Such governmental stations would have to be financed by a direct grant, since the European licence system could not be made effective in the States. Like Mr. Tyson, Professor Kerwin thinks that 'the privately controlled commercial broadcasting system needs a corrective which because of its nature the system cannot apply to itself'.

Does climate influence the standard of athletic achievement? This question has been brought up once more, by the recent match at the White City, between Princeton and Cornell, and Oxford and Cambridge. Some time ago Dr. A. S. Russell, commenting in these pages on the astonishing series of records set up at the Los Angeles Olympic Games, was disposed to lay more stress upon the improved track and upon scientific methods of training than upon climate. Nevertheless, climate and environment are also important factors. Even those Americans who beat their Oxford and Cambridge rivals at the White City ran well below the form they had shown in their own country, and the long-awaited return match in the mile, between Lovelock and Bonthon, produced a time over seven seconds slower than it had done in America. It should be worth approaching this question from a different angle, by inquiring if the various types of athletes are distributed according to any climatic principle. For example, America produces a continuous supply of sprinters. Five out of the six finalists in the 100 metres at Los Angeles were Americans. Narrowing down the source still further, we find that it is the warm climate of the Pacific coast that produces most of them. Moreover, it has been observed that a sprinter from the East can always improve upon his eastern performances in the West. But if sprinters come from warm climates, it is the more astringent climate of northern Europe that produces the best distance runners, as a long line of Scandinavian Olympic winners, which includes such names as Kohlehtainen, Stenross, Ritola and Nurmi, testify. Lastly our own temperate climate could be shown to have produced the best middle-distance runners—we have more Olympic winners to our credit in the half-mile and mile than any other country. Besides climate there is the influence of environment to be taken into account. Sprinters tend to come from highly industrialised countries, distance runners from industrially backward countries; it may be that urban life creates the higher nervous tension necessary for sprinting, while rural life brings stamina and a placid disposition. Perhaps it will be possible to test some of these tentative hypotheses at the British Empire Games which start on Saturday next at the White City.

\*Occupational Tables. H.M. Stationery Office. 30s.



## Foreign Affairs

## Dr. Dollfuss

By BARON GEORG FRANCKENSTEIN

*His Excellency the Austrian Minister in London broadcast this tribute to Dr. Dollfuss on July 26*

**T**HIS is not the moment and not the place to speak of the political situation in Austria, but may I say at the outset that I regard it with full confidence. My object is to pay a tribute to my late chief, the Federal Chancellor Dr. Dollfuss, a man whom I admired profoundly and for whom I felt the warmest personal affection.

There was in him much of the hero and much of the saint: indomitable courage and energy combined with profound piety. He was a devout Catholic, but, as he told me once, the soul of a person was much more important to him than his religious creed. He has been taken away from us at the early age of 41, but both in looks and in his attitude towards life he impressed one as being much younger. There was something so boyish about him—a smile, a charm, which at once captured old and young. He laughed good-humouredly with the whole world about his extraordinarily small stature, and his first words to new-comers were frequently a little joke about his size.

Yet within a year of his Chancellorship this little man had become one of the most admired, respected and talked-of statesmen of Europe. He was wonderful in the swiftness of his decisions and of his actions. I remember him walking up and down in my study at the time of the Economic Conference in London last year, when the first news came over from Austria of dastardly attempts against life and property: I still see the painful tension in his face while making up his mind; but as soon as he had given the order to apply martial law, serenity returned. He could be ruthless in his decisions if the interest of the State demanded it, and kind and sympathetic and full of delicate attentions on other occasions.

Few will deny that among all the speeches delivered by the statesmen at the Economic Conference in London, Dr. Dollfuss' speech had perhaps the best reception of all. And it was remarkable how he was cheered in the streets of London whenever he was recognised. With their sense of justice and

characteristic sportsmanship the British people thus paid a tribute to the great and fearless patriot who was fighting both politically and economically against seemingly overwhelming odds.

I saw him last at the greatest period of his life, last September, during the celebrations commemorating the deliverance of Vienna and of European civilisation through the victory over the Turks 250 years ago. In two great orations he laid the foundation of the patriotic and the religious revival of Austria. His ideal was to lead his country to a better future by means of a co-operative State, doing away with class-hatred and social injustice. For three hours I drove with him alone to the famous pilgrimage centre Mariazell, while he expounded his ideas; and never have I been more convinced of a man's sincerity and goodness. And when he alighted, the crowd surged round him, many wishing to touch his clothes, such was their belief in his patriotism and saintliness.

The son of peasants, he remained simple all his life in his ways and his needs. All our sympathy goes out to his widow and his little children whom he loved dearly. As a young man he studied in Berlin, and his wife is German by birth. His ideal was that Austria should live in closest friendship and co-operation with Germany, but living its own independent life, worthy of its great historic and artistic traditions, building up with reverence a better future on the foundations of the past. To achieve this he was steering a moderate course. He was also a great champion of world peace.

Innumerable have been the expressions of sympathy I have received today, and I must make special reference to the call which Sir John Simon paid to the Legation, and to the condolences which he offered on behalf of the British Government. I am profoundly grateful, and I am confident that the world will give my beloved country in its trials that support which it so fully deserves.

## The German Scene

By R. H. S. CROSSMAN

I WANT TO DESCRIBE to you how public opinion in Germany has taken the events of June 30 and Hitler's speech. I should just like to say, by the way, that most of the people I have talked to are middle-class. On the whole the working-classes here are largely apathetic about the conflict in the High Command. The difficulty is that public opinion in the true sense of the word has died of inanition since after the Revolution. One of the essential beliefs of the Nazi was that such public opinion was liberal and democratic, so they substituted for it absolute confidence in the leaders and called this the Leadership Principle. As one young Nazi said to me: 'It is not right for me to criticise my leader's policy because I cannot have any knowledge to base my judgment on'.

But don't imagine that when public opinion dies the public ceases to have an attitude to affairs of State: on the contrary, there has been developed a queer intangible substitute—public feeling. The new Germany is a country not of opinions, but of moods and counter-moods. This public feeling is very like the English weather—it undergoes sudden and incalculable changes. Herr Hitler has a peculiar gift for sensing the political weather and suiting his policy to it, so we can take his last Reichstag speech as a sort of barometer-reading of public feeling in Germany today. I heard that speech on the wireless in a Youth Hostel in the Waldech Hills. There was little enthusiasm amongst the S.A. students—I saw that. How could there be? The exposure of widespread corruption in the Movement they had believed to be the salvation of Germany was not calculated to make them feel like cheering. What specially depressed them was the feeling that the Leadership Principle had broken down. The leaders whose loyalty and honour were to make democratic control unnecessary, had been putting the street collections and weekly

subscriptions of the S.A. to their own private uses. Twelve million marks stolen by these men—corruption, mutiny and treason in the Party which was to restore to Germany her reputation abroad and her integrity at home. Imagine what that sounded like to the students who had been taught to reverence their leaders as above suspicion.

Throughout the party there is a sense of sickening shock which it will be difficult to obliterate. But how have people reacted to that shock? Not, I think, by any considerable decrease in their fanatical devotion to the leader. Hitler's character alone still stands above all suspicion in Germany; whereas the obscurity surrounding the plot has not enhanced the credit of those charged with its suppression. Too much and too little is known to create confidence, and there is a widespread feeling that the preservation of order has, in this, been vastly tainted with disorder. Hitler alone stands in the minds of many between Germany and chaos. They think National Socialism is Hitler.

So far I think I have described something common to most of the people I have talked to; but beyond, there is a divergence between two groups. On one side the S.A., the Hitler Youth and the Party organisation, mostly men under 35; on the other, the many millions of Germans who are not Party members—a great number of them are middle-aged. For heaven's sake remember that this division—Party and Youth, non-Party and Age—is a very rough one. For the young, the Roehm Group is an instance of that mysterious power—reaction; and its effect has been to strengthen the Radicals rather than the Party. Freed from some uncomfortable and less respectable allies they demand a clean-up, not only of the Party, but of Industry, Church and State. The

(Continued on page 202)



*The Listener's Music*

# The 'Proms'

*The 'Prom' season at the Queen's Hall begins on August 11*

AS the seedman's catalogue is to the keen gardener, so is the 'Prom' programme book to the keen listener. Neither of the enthusiasts concerns himself much with novelties: the gardener's eye may be caught by some new bloom or vegetable (a few years ago I remember sharing in the wave of excitement over a hydra-headed cauliflower) and the musician's curiosity is roused by some 'first performance' bearing an arresting title or a distinguished name. But on the whole the anticipatory pleasure of both is that of meeting old friends once more—the peas and beans that are 'grandly productive', 'good croppers', and so forth, and the Nine of Beethoven, the Brandenburgs, the Monday bouts of Wagner, and the rest of the rich and miscellaneous fare spread before us in forty-eight concerts.

Forty-eight: I wonder if anybody has noted the appropriateness of the figure. The musical repertory contains many works in sets of twelve or the multiple of twelve—the number of notes in the scale: Debussy's two sets of Twelve Preludes, the Twenty-four Preludes of Chopin, and Bach's 'Forty-eight' are the most famous. This is a little by-the-way fact of the kind into which old Sir Thomas Browne would have read a lot of mystic significance. (The total was not always so fitting: the very first season of all consisted of forty-nine concerts; in subsequent years it varied between nine and ten weeks.)

This year's opening programme is in part a tribute to Elgar and Holst. (Presumably the scheme was fixed before Delius died.) The first item is the Prelude to 'The Kingdom', a piece of typical Elgar that ought to become as established a favourite as the 'Parsifal' and 'Gerontius' Preludes. The Holst number consists of three of 'The Planets'—'Mercury', 'Saturn', and 'Jupiter'. There will probably be general regret that Holst is less well represented than in last year's programme, when in addition to these three movements the brilliant Ballet music from 'The Perfect Fool' was played. The 'Somerset Rhapsody' which takes its place this year is less characteristic. Why has the 'Beni Mora' suite apparently not been given a chance to establish itself at the 'Proms'? It is one of the very best of the early-middle-period Holst, and possibly the most attractive thing he ever wrote.

Last year some critics complained that the allowance of novelties was meagre. But the 'Proms' are not a suitable launching-ground for a profusion of new works; there are good reasons why the scheme should consist rather of a survey of standard orchestral music. The strain of eight weeks of concertising and rehearsing is considerable; novelties of today demand far more preparation than those of even twenty years ago; it may, indeed, be argued that, owing to the contemporary search for originality at all costs, their demands are unreasonable, and out of proportion with the results. Consistently good playing in stock works matters more in the 'Proms' today than ever before, because of the higher level achieved by London orchestras during the past few years, to say nothing of the standard set by visiting orchestras from the Continent.

However, for better or worse; those who, Athenian-like, demand some new thing have evidently been considered in the drafting of this year's programmes, for there are twelve first performances against the mere four of 1933. The batch promises to be unusually interesting—the Symphony for pianoforte and orchestra by Ernst Toch; the second and third prizewinners of the *Daily Telegraph* Overture Competition by Frank Tapp and Arnold Cooke (the first prize piece by Cyril Scott will be played also, but it has already been heard at Queen's Hall); the Suite 'Farrago' by Moeran; Sinigaglia's Rondo for violin and orchestra; Kodaly's 'Dances of Galatea'; Benjamin Dale's 'English Dance'; and Vaughan Williams' Quodlibet of Dance Tunes (a quodlibet being a number of tunes combined: when a convivial party lifts its voice simultaneously in three or four well-known ditties that with a little faking can be made to 'go together', they are producing a quodlibet). Then there are a couple of novelties by the

American composers Frederick Converse and Deems Taylor: we ought to know more than we do about modern American music, despite the discouraging effect of a recent Contemporary Music concert of works by Varèse, Cowell, etc. The discouraged may take heart, for Converse and Deems Taylor are not among America's 'wild men'. Deems Taylor, by the way, is a rare instance of music critic turned composer, and is therefore a man of more than ordinary courage.

A couple of 'first performances' are transcriptions from Bach—Two Preludes for strings arranged by the Italian Pick-Mangiagalli, one from an organ prelude, the other from the Partita in E for solo violin; the other transcription is of the well-known organ Prelude and Fugue in D, the arranger being Respighi. At the risk of appearing to have a bee in my bonnet I must again express what is felt by organists and the organ music public on this point. Queen's Hall has an effective organ; this country has plenty of fine organists; there is an enormous Bach public; and to a very large proportion thereof Bach's organ music makes a strong appeal. The natural result of this combination of circumstances ought to be the inclusion in the programmes of a few of Bach's finest organ works, heard in their proper form. Yet there is not a single organ solo by Bach or anybody else; instead there are transcriptions of several. (But, queerly, the best of all orchestral transcriptions of Bach—Elgar's brilliant arrangement of the C minor Fugue—is omitted!) This is surely an anomalous state of things. The organ will be heard only twice (I don't count its use for mere 'filling-in') on both occasions in Handel Concertos; and unhappy experience leads us to anticipate the concertos in heavily over-scored versions. If we are to hear organ concertos, why always the same two or three of Handel (and those not as Handel wrote them)? There are several excellent modern examples (those by Bossi, Lemare, Guilman, Widor, and Rheinberger come to mind at once). In an eight weeks' scheme the organ, its repertory, and its players ought to be given a better show than this.

To come to a more pleasing aspect of the programme: English music has a more generous representation than usual. Thirty-six works by living composers will be heard, to which are added a dozen or so by Elgar, Delius, and Holst.

There is so much that is enterprising in the instrumental side of the programmes that one notes with regret the recurrence of many vocal solos that have surely earned a rest, especially as they are already broadcast and be-gramophoned to satiety. Must we for ever be hearing 'Mimi's Song', Lohengrin's Farewell, 'Eri tu', 'Deh vieni', 'Sound an alarm', Elsa's Dream, 'With verdure clad', 'Ah! perfido', 'Una voce poco fa', 'Revenge! Timotheus cries', 'O had I Jubal's lyre', 'Che gelida manina', and a dozen others that might well give place to worthy but neglected things from the same composers—e.g., Handel, whose vocal solo music is still a mine of splendid things waiting to be explored. Singers, being notoriously unenterprising, ought to be prodded out of their beaten track. Apropos of songs, a familiar group is absent this year—the three numbers from Stanford's 'Songs of the Sea'. They will be badly missed, but complaints would be few if their place were taken by three from the equally fine 'Songs of the Fleet', especially if sung with the chorus parts that add so greatly to their effect. 'The Little Admiral', and the 'Song of the Sou'wester' especially would bring down the house.

There are a few new departures in the 'special evening' line. A Sibelius programme was to be expected; it will give us Symphonies Nos. 1 and 7, and three other works; there are capital Delius and Strauss evenings; a Liszt programme that will be welcomed, especially by the large number of folk who are trying to make up their mind about this under-rated composer; and, perhaps most interesting of all, a Vaughan Williams evening. It was, I think, Vaughan Williams who led off the protest a year or two ago against the 'segregation of the British composer'; well, here he is, completely and honourably segregated like Bach, Beethoven and the other big fellows.

The miscellaneous or popular evenings yield many points of



interest. Like misfortune, they bring about strange bedfellows, but, to the lively ear, the odd juxtapositions are instructive. For example, one Saturday audience will rove from the 'Ruy Blas' Overture to Sibelius' 'Tapiola', and from an extract from Rossini's 'La Cenerentola' to Ravel's too, too long Bolero; and, these vivid contrasts over, they will have a rare opportunity of enjoying at first hand a delicate and deft piano touch that has delighted them for years over the air, for Walford Davies will play the solo part in his own 'Conversations' for piano and orchestra.

Going back for a moment to special evenings: when will Handel be thus honoured? There are two Bach-Handel concerts, with Handel's share suggesting an 'also ran' position.

Let us hope for more fitting treatment next year, with some real organ solos, and more enterprise among the singers.

One grumbles at a few possible sins of omission and commission, of course, as one does at a literary anthology, which every reader is sure he could have made the perfect collection by leaving out this and adding that: yet, when all is said, what a marvel of programme-making this 'Prom' scheme is! Consider the factors of variety, unity, contrast, and balance that have to be reckoned with; and, now that the concerts are broadcast, the further element of timing; and if your hat doesn't go off to Sir Henry and his co-workers you must be so hard to please as to be not worth pleasing.

HARVEY GRACE

## What I Like in Art—VII

# Titian's 'Bacchus and Ariadne'

By the Rt. Hon. W. ORMSBY-GORE, M.P.

Mr. Ormsby-Gore is Trustee of the National and Tate Galleries and a member of the Advisory Council of the Victoria and Albert Museum

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH, in his Cambridge lectures on English, laid down a standard of literary criticism applicable to all categories of art. 'Believe me, gentlemen', he said, 'so far as Handel is above Chopin, as Velasquez above Greuze, even so far stand the great masculine objective writers above all who appeal to you by parade of personality or private sentiment . . . steep yourselves in the great objective writers; habitually bring all to the test of them. For while you cannot escape the fate of all style which is to be personal, the more of catholic manhood you inherit from those great loins, the more you will assuredly beget'.

Who, among European painters, have the chief claim to that supreme class of 'masculine objective' artists, whose creative imagination and mastery of their craft entitles them to be regarded as the standard of catholic manhood by which others are to be judged? I think the answer to this question is that there have been six such painters whose works have these essential characteristics. These six are (1) Piero della Francesca, (2) Michelangelo, (3) Titian, (4) Rubens, (5) Velasquez, (6) Rembrandt. (This order is merely chronological.)

Just as literary criticism bases its ultimate standards upon the author of the 'Iliad', on Dante and on Shakespeare, so, I hold, art criticism should base its standards upon the works of the greatest masters. Theories of æsthetic should be deduced from their achievements rather than be evolved from the abstract reasoning of philosophers.

One more quotation from literary criticism—Mr. Desmond MacCarthy in *Life and Letters* of September, 1931, wrote: 'The kind of fame which is distinguishable from the bubble reputation is based upon some quality in a writer or a man which makes it possible for succeeding generations to admire him for different reasons. In that sense the verdict of posterity is indeed the surest test we have of greatness'. Now, of all the great masters of painting, the one who has most consistently obtained the admiration of posterity in all countries and at all times, and above all, from other great painters, is Titian. Rubens, Velasquez, Vandyke, Watteau and Reynolds, in several cases against their predilections, came to admit his supremacy.

Mr. Roger Fry, in his introduction to the catalogue of the Italian exhibition at Burlington House in 1930, speaks of 'the long story of Titian's ever-growing genius, exploring ever new possibilities of pictorial expression, and adumbrating from his Pissah eminence something of the destinies of painting in all the centuries to come'.

Accordingly, I 'like' the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' because it is the finest example in our National Gallery of the achieve-

ment of the artist for whom, over years of travel and study, I have learnt to share Mr. Fry's view.

Completed in 1523, when Titian was 34 years of age (this is, I know, a controversial statement) for a 'camerino' in the Palace of Alfonso d'Este at Ferrara, the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' is the best preserved of a set of 'pœsies' or illustrations of classical mythology specially designed for that room. In this series, and again in the series painted nearly forty years later for Philip II of Spain, Titian revealed that aspect of his inventive genius which is most alluring. Always supreme in the art of portraiture throughout a long career, variable, and only after 1550 habitually successful, in the handling of religious themes, in these mythological pœsies he displayed not only his greatest skill as a painter, but the expression of a masculine creative intelligence from the rich resources of an imaginative and cultivated mind.

To the great spirits of the Italian renaissance the distant vision of the 'glory that was Greece' appeared as a golden age wherein a more radiant humanity lived more intensely the drama of life, against a background more sunlit and colourful, under skies more deeply azure, on shores more splendid.

In the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' we see the results of this attraction upon one of those great spirits. Every technical resource which tradition and discovery had brought to his Venetian hand he used to embellish what is at once a drama and a pageant. The 'might of design and the mystery of colour'\* are employed with an emphasis unsurpassed in the work of a master of arresting pattern and vibrancy of rich and daring colour. To give the utmost vitality to the scene, the picture is divided into two halves by a diagonal from the right hand top to the bottom left corner. On one side the intense ultramarine of land, sea, sky and Ariadne's robe, and the green of the tree tops contrast with the complementary oranges, yellows and browns of the Wine God's followers. As Ariadne retreats on the left the Bacchic procession comes in from the right and turns across our line of vision. Right across the diagonal in the very centre of this swirl of movement, the young God, Dionysos, leaps from his leopard chariot, casting aside in the fluttering breeze his only garment, that amazing crimson robe, of a peculiar crimson which Titian alone invented and could ever handle. The two dominant notes of the crimson robe and the scarlet scarf of Ariadne introduce those brilliant exciting colours which heighten the key of the picture as a whole.

So much for the general design. Everywhere in every part of the picture Titian has used all the resources of his rich knowledge and experience to build up, with lovely if subordinate detail, the ornament of this structure. Passage after

\* Bernard Shaw in *The Doctor's Dilemma*





Bacchus and Ariadne, by Titian

National Gallery

passage of exquisite drawing with the brush—the chaplets of vine leaves, the tumbled heap of a fine linen garment, the barking dog, the *dissecta membra* of the pagan sacrifice, the iris and the columbine are each and all centres of fascination. The middle distance of the landscape on the left is of peculiar interest with its incidents of patches of sunlight and shadow among the trees. Few studies are more alluring than Titian's treatment of trees and their foliage. Basing my views on the treatment of tree structure and tree foliage, quite as much as upon the individual figures in admitted Titians, I am convinced that the famous 'Fête Champêtre', attributed to Giorgione in the Louvre, is wholly by Titian, and of a date near that of the 'Garden of Amorini' in the Prado, which was the earliest of the companion pieces of our 'Bacchus and Ariadne' painted for Alfonso d'Este. In this middle distance of the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' I find the last echo of this particular treatment of landscape detail.

But while these many details are a delight, the most remarkable features of our picture are the fusion and glow of the whole. The companion pieces in the Prado suffer from the loss of so many of those wonderful superimposed glazes with which Titian at this stage of his career worked up the brilliance and unity of his picture. In his book on Titian, Mr. Charles Ricketts wrote of the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' that 'as mere painting no work equals it'. Its companion pieces, especially the Bacchanal feast, may have equalled it once, centuries ago,

but today it is only our picture that preserves that fusion and finish which justify such a claim to pre-eminence.

Therefore, on technical as well as æsthetic grounds, we can regard our picture as an outstanding masterpiece. But I know that my liking for it is enhanced by the knowledge that it is only one of many masterpieces by the same great artist. The great poet, the great musical composer, is not a man who produces one or two perfect works of art, but the man from whom there wells out a majestic superabundance of imaginative experience, and whose range and variety are only limited by the external laws of his medium. Titian was a great poetic creator, as well as a great craftsman in paint. Through each of his pictures—and nearly 300 of them survive—we can establish contact with his mind. I know that my own delight in works of art is something more than the emotional pleasure in the individual objective work of art, its subject, its treatment, its pattern, its drawing or its colour. My delight is the contact it gives me with a creative mind. The mind and spirit of the man behind and in the work of art is the supreme attraction that comes with observation, analysis and knowledge. It is the power and revelation of genius which we experience in the works of Shakespeare, Beethoven and of painters like Titian and Rembrandt that is, I believe, the ultimate basis of our pleasure. It is from the enrichment of our lives through contact with what we recognise as creative genius that our delight in works of art arises.



## Science Notes

# Madame Curie

THE obituary notices of Mme. Curie were excellent, but they did not say everything, and some of the things said may rightly be said again. We on this side of the English Channel knew Mme. Curie chiefly as the greatest woman investigator of our time, whose name is bound up with radium and radioactivity and with her husband's name and work in science. There was, however, a good deal more than that. She was an interesting woman in ways outside science; she was, for example, a good European. She was a teacher as well as an investigator. Though she achieved great fame as the discoverer of the new chemical elements, radium and polonium, she was unspoiled by her success. Though she never afterwards repeated her earlier triumph she never departed from the high standard of work of the perfectly competent and original researcher. Her husband's early and accidental death was her principal tragedy, but she did not escape the wounds of misunderstandings and malice and slander. She escaped, however, becoming a tragic or sentimental figure whose achievement was entirely in the past. She lived to see the subject to which she had given so lively an impetus in the 'nineties become the most potent in modern physics, and the substance she discovered, radium, an agency of increasing value against cancer and similar conditions. She researched till near the end; she had the great satisfaction of realising that in her daughter the family tradition for original research is most worthily maintained. I hope some competent person will be entrusted with her biography. A plain tale, told with sympathy, insight and detachment, tracing the quiet life from the early days in Warsaw through the struggles in Paris to fame, with the minor ups-and-downs brought out as well as the tragedies and successes, should make an interesting story. It should not sentimentalise over her because she was a woman, or make out that in her science she was first and the rest nowhere. The story can be interesting and moving without that. It deserves the simple treatment which Arnold Bennett gave to the lives of Sophia and Constantine in his *Old Wives' Tale*.

The present age in physics opened with the discoveries of X-rays, gaseous ions and radioactivity about the year 1896. Mme. Curie, researching in Paris with her husband at that time, was attracted to the new subjects. Henri Becquerel had found that the rare element uranium was emitting radiations that could penetrate solid objects, discharge electrified bodies and blacken photographic plates. Mme. Curie was a chemist; the others in Paris were physicists. She quickly found that the new property of radioactivity was not due to chemical combination but was an atomic phenomenon. This proved to be a very important observation, not merely in itself, but because it began a change from an interest in matter, stimulated largely by Clerk Maxwell and Lord Kelvin, with emphasis on radiation, waves and mathematical formulæ, to the simple, naive, concrete view that atoms did exist, that some forms of radiations were merely projectiles emerging from atoms as bullets from a machine gun, and that the atoms whence these projectiles came were so changed by their loss as to be completely different. These ideas were not Mme. Curie's; they came later; but her emphasis on the atomic nature of uranium suggested theoretical consequences. There were also practical ones. The chief ore of uranium is the oxide with the slang name of pitchblende. Mme. Curie found that the activity of pitchblende was atom for atom between four and five times what it should be if uranium were its only radioactive element. She imagined at once that there must be in pitchblende another element, small in mass but high in radioactivity, to account for this. She did what chemists call a qualitative analysis of pitchblende to test this view. She was rewarded by finding two new and highly radioactive elements: radium, akin in chemical reactions to barium, and polonium, akin to the heavy metal bismuth. It is interesting to note that had the pitchblende been pure she would probably have missed the discovery of radium. We now know that the quantities of radium and polonium in uranium ores are far too small to obey the chemical reactions she found them obeying. Happily there were impurities of barium and bis-

moth in her material. Radium was separated with one, polonium with the other. The vanishingly small quantities of the elements under examination did not present the obstacle which might be imagined; the high and continuous radiation of energy was so obvious. This energy was measured simply by a technique jointly the work of Sir J. J. Thomson and Lord Rutherford, which served to show unmistakably at each stage of the chemical processes what was happening to the radioactive material.

Mme. Curie had always a special fondness for these two elements in her later work. Polonium is so rare in nature that great resources are needed to obtain an amount that could be weighed. The most powerful sources, however, were prepared by her and these have turned out to be of enormous use in the work on artificial transformation of light elements that has been done so successfully since the War. With material supplied by the Austrian government Mme. Curie worked up sufficient of the other element—radium—for it to be put through its chemical and physical paces like an ordinary substance. The real difficulty there was to effect separation of the last traces of barium, the metal closest in properties to radium; but this was perfectly overcome. Radium has always been the most attractive of the forty or so elements which are radioactive. The relatively enormous output of energy in the form of swift charged atoms of helium which is its main characteristic suggested at one time that the law of the Conservation of Energy did not hold. It suggested at another that the energy inside of the atom would one day be on tap at the will of man. Subsequent work, however, has definitely negated the first and pooh-poohed the second; the more the atom gets 'tapped' the further off seems the day when smashing the atom and sky-rocketing the immediate vicinity become cause and effect. But there are so many other things to do with radium and such substances that this popular idea matters not a whit. One of the most attractive statements about radium is that although it breaks up so slowly that in a year only 0.04 per cent. of it disappears through disintegration, yet in every second of time 37,000 millions of radium atoms per gram break up in that disintegration.

Sir William Bragg spoke in his broadcast of Mme. Curie's personal qualities, her deep interest in her work, her quiet earnestness in all her life. She always attracted a small circle of workers in her Radium Institute in Paris, but it never became a large school in which research was carried out on a wide front. That kind of leadership was not her line. She preferred to keep all the work done in her laboratory within a fairly narrow field and have it well done, than chance things by spreading it out. Her name, as Sir William said, will live in the unit of radioactivity, the Curie. This unit, decided upon in 1910, is, however, much too big; the quantities of radioactivity that one ordinarily deals with are only a thousandth or a fraction of the thousandth of this unit. At the conference at which the unit was discussed it was strongly urged that the Curie should be a thousandth of what it was ultimately decided to be, as being more workable. The suggestion was adopted by the committee, which included Mme. Curie. But after the meeting she must have thought what a poor miserable thing the new unit was going to be, a mere thousandth of what she had hoped! It did not seem proper that such a thing should bear her husband's name. And next day the Curie was fixed as she desired—a thousand times greater than the earlier suggestion. Today, as a consequence, we struggle with such terms as 'millicurie', 'microcurie' and even 'millimicrocurie'.

It is well known that Mme. Curie got the Nobel Prize twice: sharing it for Physics with her husband and M. Becquerel in 1904, and for Chemistry in 1911. Although she is not the only one to deserve the Nobel Prize twice she is the only one who has been so honoured. It is likely—it is even very probable—that in due course Mme. Curie's daughter, Mme. Curie-Joliot, will also partake of this emolument. Her work on neutrons and atomic bombardments points to that. If this occurs it will constitute a family record in prizes as remarkable as deserved.

A. S. RUSSELL



## Growing Wings

## Discouragement

By FILSON YOUNG

I WENT to Heston for my second lesson with a pleasant memory of the first and lively anticipations of a continuance in progress. I was going to do things that I had done before, and was going to enjoy them. But it didn't turn out quite that way. As soon as we were up in the air instructions began again to come through the telephone. 'Do this', 'Do that'. I felt I was being hustled. I felt it was being assumed that everything I had been shown in my first lesson was now firmly fixed in my mind. It wasn't. Although I had been going over it all in my armchair half the night through, once in the air it was a different thing. I wasn't quite sure; I wanted time—time—time. And there is no time for the pupil in the air. You must do what you are told, and do it at once, and do it right; and you cannot stop to think about it. Now it was a succession of orders. 'Take her'. 'You've got her'. 'Turn left'. 'Keep her nose up'. 'Fine, Sonny!' I cannot tell you what a relief it was to be called 'Sonny' at my advanced age by a younger man. I have long been used to the humiliation of being addressed as 'Sir', by young men whom I would fain have treated as contemporaries; but 'Sonny' seemed to be a recognition that I was a child—which is exactly what I felt like. One asks much, but one does not ask too much, from one whom one addresses as 'Sonny'.

And so the lesson proceeded. My turns were good or not so good. The position of the nose on the horizon varied considerably, but on a straight course I was complimented on my steering. 'You have a nice lazy touch on the rudder'. I was grateful for this, for it was the first time in my life that my incurable laziness had ever been regarded as a virtue. The weather was what is called bumpy. The blazing heat made air pockets near the ground; higher up there were buffets of wind which had an unpleasant way of upsetting calculations when one was laboriously engaged banking and turning. It does not help one's equanimity or one's judgment when the machine suddenly drops a couple of feet into a vacuum, or bounces off a cushion of air that suddenly seems to have become solid. But I tried to take no notice of these bumps as the machine always corrected them herself; and as I have not as yet been up in weather that was not bumpy I have come to take it as a normal state of affairs in the air.

## Flying Not So Easy

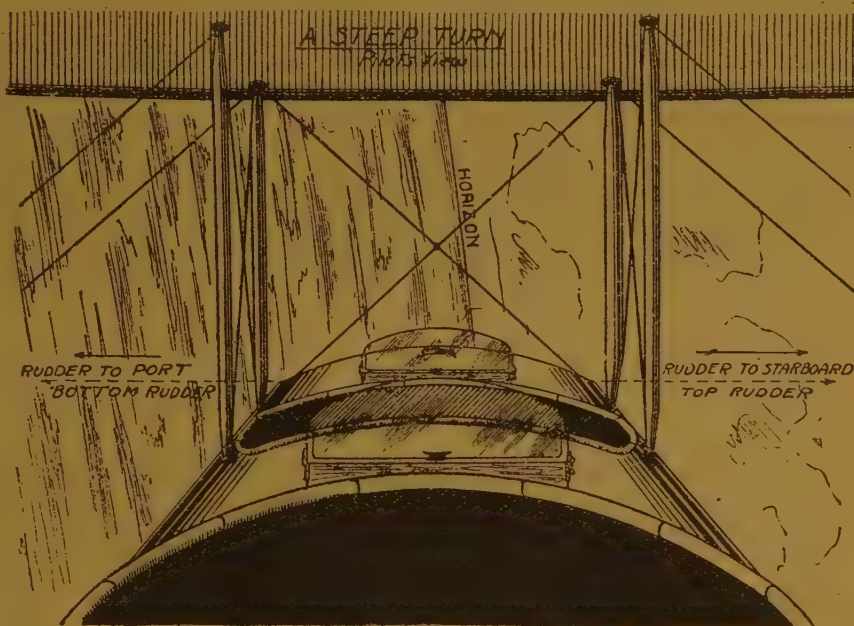
I was told and endeavoured to keep the nose of the machine on the horizon; but the horizon was very bad, and often consisted of a brown haze in the direction of London or a grey haze where there should have been a clear-cut line across the blue. So I had to guess a lot, and felt that I was guessing badly. I gradually became more and more discouraged. Gone were all my impressions that flying was easy. The hands held up in front of me were always in view directing and admonishing—too much this; too little that. The preoccupation with the stick, with which it was always possible to make four kinds of mistake; the tendency at critical moments to hang on to the throttle and unconsciously half close it—these were the prob-

lems that were occupying me with an intensity of concentration which I have probably not brought to anything since the days when I was practising Bach's Fugues on the organ.

The hands in front of me suddenly clapped in praise of what I was doing. But, alas! there was no praise within myself. I was being given confidence; but I am too old a bird for that. I know whether I have done well or ill, and I did not feel that I had done well that day. There was no joy, no thrill—only anxiety. My eyes were glued to the nose of the machine and to the beckoning hand in front. Suddenly, with an uncanny intuition Captain Baker said, 'Now relax for a little and look about you. That is Hampton Court below you; nice, isn't it?' But I was not interested in Hampton Court. I felt it was idle and childish in the midst of my great stress and anxiety to

ask me to look at pictures: let me get on with it, and get down. And at last the welcome moment came when we glided down and landed. That was my second lesson. Since then I have had eight more, making my total life in the air up to date five hours.

But let me go back to the third, fourth and fifth lessons. I felt I must have a serious talk to Captain Baker before we went up again. After all, this was a very serious matter for me. What did he know about me? We had never exchanged anything except a few fragmentary questions and answers and detached



The pilot's view when making a steep turn

From 'R.A.F. Flying Training Manual,' Part I.  
By permission of the Controller, H.M. Stationery Office

remarks. I had bought a penny note book, and in the watches of the night, after reading myself into a panic over manuals of flying, I had written down questions and left a space opposite each for the answer to it. I wanted to fix certain things in my mind; I wanted Captain Baker to realise that he was dealing with a person accustomed to the exact process of words. I felt that it was no use teaching me to do tricks like a dog without knowing exactly what I was doing, and why.

## Diving to Order

Captain Baker answered all my questions and cleared up some points in which my conclusions had been doubtful all along. Feeling a little safer with him after this talk, we went up again. I was now given steep turns to do, steep turns with stick and rudder. Those people who fly will know quite well what this means. For those who don't, I may say that in a steep bank the machine is practically flying on its side and you are sticking out of it with your body parallel to the ground. The horizon is a vertical line across the nose of the machine. These steep turns need to be done exactly right, and you must overcome the feeling that you are likely to fall out of the machine and the tendency to strain yourself to the opposite side. On the contrary, if one leans inwards, as on a bicycle, the sense of equilibrium is restored. I was doing these turns high up and had demonstrated to me, and in fact demonstrated to myself, how when the nose of the machine is rushing down and the stick is useless, the opposite rudder will bring it up instantly. It was a very comforting discovery. It is a marvellous demonstration of the power both of the machine and



its controls. But then a very dreadful thing happened. 'I want you to realise this and get it thoroughly to heart' said Captain Baker. 'You don't realise up here the speed you are going or your relation to the earth. I am going to take you low down and do some of those steep dives, and you will see the effect of the rudder'.

We then went down until the fields were visible in detail and the labourers working in them could be seen looking up at us. 'Now watch', said Captain Baker. 'Do you see?' Good Heavens! As if I did not see! I could see nothing less than death approaching us. 'Now watch!' When the green fields were rushing up as though to hit us in the face and the impression of the faces of the men could be seen, the machine violently swerved and soared up, and up, and up, into safety and stability. He did it again. Again the sickening rush within two seconds of death, and again the lovely powerful lift; the sense of being borne up on strong wings. I had had my lesson. I did a bad glide down, being too much pre-occupied with sensations for thought to function properly. This was the third lesson.

### Straight Flying

Next day when I walked out to the machine with Captain Baker, I said, 'There is to be no frightfulness today. I want to be happy and to do what I can do'. When we were up I asked him to fly the machine so that I could look at the instruments and the ground and see exactly what was happening. To this he was quite agreeable. I took my hands off and felt no responsibility for anything. But I watched the air speed indicator, the engine revolutions, the altimeter which showed us our heights above the ground, and I looked down below me at the country, recognising land marks. Then I suddenly felt I wanted to fly the machine myself, so I took her over and Captain Baker said 'Now enjoy yourself. Go where you like'. It was still bumpy and still a bad horizon but I took a point to the westward and flew steadily and straight on it. No nonsense about banks and turns; straight as an arrow I flew to the west, handling the controls without effort and with the lightest touch, and keeping at a steady 2,000 feet, neither gaining nor losing height. When we turned to go back I felt I really had learned something, and Captain Baker thought so too. For at the end of these four lessons he said that my straight flying was good. When we landed this time I had an impression that perhaps I might be able to learn to fly some day, and it was very comforting.

But this kind of sensation does not last long in any kind of learning and in my next lesson I had a little shock. Remembering the pleasures of the last, I used all my blandishments on Captain Baker to assure him that I learned best when I was doing what I liked, and that I would like to fly somewhere or other as if on a journey. 'Right, laddie,' said Captain Baker, and taking the machine off he handed her over to me at 200 feet. 'Fly over towards Windsor and see if you can follow the bends of the river. It is good practice'. I enjoyed this. I found the Bath Road without difficulty. I followed it until the gleaming bends of the river just below Windsor gave me my direction. I duly followed the bends and presently saw below me the wonderful plan of Windsor Castle looking like a cardboard model. I turned round and Captain Baker said, 'Now can you find your way back to Heston?' 'Of course I can'. I was beginning to feel that flying was the only means of travel. It was so quick and so easy. 'Now you are over Staines', said Captain Baker. 'That is Staines Bridge beneath you'. The river was now a mere silver trickle through an eruption of red brick. That thread across the trickle was Staines Bridge. I began to think how, if I were on the road, I should drive towards Heston.

### Map-Reading at 100 m.p.h.

And then I made my discovery. I could not think. My whole mind was concentrated on keeping the nose of the machine on the horizon. In looking after the machine itself I had no mind left for anything else. I tried to think whether Heston was east or west of Staines. No answer from my mind; I couldn't think. I tore my eyes away from the nose of the machine and looked at the compass for a second. I was heading north. Tried to think again what to do, being over Staines and heading north, in order to get to Heston. No result. I tried flying a little to left and right in the hope of making the map below fit the direction I was going in; and that put me worse than before. It was as though all my wits and brains had been blown away. I was in a panic, flying at eighty or a hundred miles an hour with no

sense of what direction I wanted to go in. I caught a glimpse of the road running along beside the great reservoir at Staines, the road over which I had passed thousands of times. I tried to pretend I was in 'Prudence'. What would I do? Again I could not think. The road seemed to be on the wrong side of the reservoir. Oh, if only I could stop and think! But you cannot stop in the air; and apparently, without stopping I could not think. I got hold of a road that looked like the Bath Road and began to follow it in the hope that I would arrive somewhere. I saw something like the aerodrome and turned towards it. 'Where do you think you are?' said a voice in my ear. 'Heston', I said hopefully. 'That isn't Heston. You had better go back to Staines and start again. That is Staines over there'. 'No', I shouted. 'I cannot think. Take hold for a moment and let me think'. I could hear laughter, but I was furious at my mental impotence. Captain Baker swung the machine round half-a-circle and pointed below. 'That is the West Road. You turned off it far too soon. Now then find your way back'. I followed along the road hopefully, feeling sure that I must have run the distance, and searching for the junction with the Great West Road. I could not find it, but while my eye was roving wildly to the left I suddenly saw the yellow buildings of Heston Aerodrome almost in front of me. Of course, I pretended that I had been making for it all the time; but it really was a shock to find I was there. I did a long, lovely glide down, turned in, and Captain Baker landed her. I confessed to him with shame that my mind had been entirely in abeyance and had ceased to function for any purpose except that of keeping the machine straight. There was nothing original about it, it appeared. Everybody goes through it who flies. Nevertheless, I went home feeling rather humiliated. No one likes losing his head. I looked forward with anxiety towards the next lesson. I wrote in my log 'Must do better next time'.

## The First Channel Flight

*A reminiscence broadcast by Louis Blériot on July 23*

C'est le pacifique envahisseur du 25 Juillet 1909 qui, heureux de l'occasion qui lui en est offerte, vient vous dire toute l'amitié qu'il a conservée pour votre grand pays et vous apporter tous ses souhaits. 25 ans! C'est peu dans l'histoire d'un peuple, mais c'est quelque chose dans celle de l'Aviation!

Donc, il y a un quart de siècle, le *Daily Mail* eut l'heureuse idée d'instituer un prix pour la première traversée de la Manche, en avion. Je ne résistai pas à la tentation de l'essayer... et vous savez le reste.

Je ne veux pas m'étendre sur les péripéties de ce premier vol au-dessus de la mer, sans aucun instrument de navigation. Je n'eus, d'ailleurs, pas beaucoup d'émotion, à part une dizaine de minutes d'isolement absolu par la perte de mon point de repère, mais j'eus deux surprises que je n'ai pu oublier. La première, fut de passer au-dessus d'une flotille de sous-marins en plongée que je voyais, sous l'eau, comme de grosses baleines et qui me firent comprendre combien dans l'avenir, l'avion pouvait, sur la mer, avoir de puissance. Le deuxième fut, en atterrissant à Douvres, à l'endroit marqué par le monument dû à la générosité de mon ami, Mr. Alexandre Duckam, de me voir apporter, par le Commandant du Port, un certificat de libre pratique constatant qu'à bord de mon vaisseau dénommé *monoplan*, il n'y avait pas de maladie contagieuse.

Il n'y avait qu'un blessé qui avait, quelques instants auparavant, quitté ses béquilles, pour les remplacer par de faibles ailes, mais qui avaient été assez fortes, cependant, pour jeter le premier pont aérien entre deux grandes Nations.

An important step towards the more effective use of 16 mm. films and projectors for educational purposes has been taken by the British Film Institute, whose Governors have endorsed a report from the British Cinematograph Society recommending that the 16 mm. D.I.N. (German Standard) should be adopted as the standard for 'sound on film' substandard film and apparatus in this country. The D.I.N. system, so far as the sound track is concerned, follows the standard practice in use for the ordinary 35 mm. commercial film. The adoption of this system for Great Britain will probably lead to its adoption as an international standard. Schools and other institutions contemplating the purchase of projector apparatus will no doubt be interested in this development.





In a Highland deer-forest: the hills above Glen Shiel in Ross-shire

Photograph: Robert M. Adam

## Access to Mountains and Moorlands

*The rapid spread of walking and camping in the last few years has again brought into prominence the whole question of access to mountains and moorlands. We have asked the Duke of Montrose, who owns the island of Arran, to present the landlord's and sportsman's point of view; and Dr. E. A. Baker, author of 'The Highlands with Rope and Rucksack' and 'On Foot in the Highlands', to speak for the walkers*

### Hikers Through a Landlord's Eyes

By THE DUKE OF MONTROSE

WHEN *The Times* published the Century Dictionary in 1899, there was no such word as 'hiking' in its voluminous pages. People talked about 'taking a walk for pleasure'; and that would seem to have covered everything from a stroll with a cane down the Mansion approach to a serious tramp with knapsack and staff across valley and fell. Whether nowadays one calls it a 'walk for pleasure' or a 'hike', it seems to be developing into a serious business, and to be pursued by thousands of health-seeking young people.

Like many other things in the early stages, for instance motoring or flying, any inconveniences that may be associated with the sport pass unnoticed; but when its practice comes to be followed by thousands of persons, then it is evident some control is essential if the peaceful lives of other people are not to be seriously disturbed. In ancient days 'rights of way' were really only used by people traversing areas on business. One might have crossed miles of country and yet seen nobody; but today these same rights of way will often echo with the voices of hundreds of people brought there by motor-buses, trains, and cycles. It is obvious that sheep, cattle, deer, grouse or any wild animal or bird may view an occasional wayfarer with curiosity; but the vision of a large party of noisy holiday folk can only impart fear, and cause them to stampede or fly away for miles. A particular occasion comes to mind when on a Scottish moor there suddenly appeared over the sky line of the hill a party of nearly forty young men and women, all running arm in arm, and leaping over the heather, singing at the top of their voices 'Weel may the keel row. . .'. These young folk were certainly out to enjoy themselves; but that was not the im-

pression conveyed to the birds and beasts on the hill, nor to the sportsman who had paid a good sum for his holiday's enjoyment.

#### The Sins of Hikers

Again, it is very unpleasant to find broken glass lying all over the place, betokening that bottles have been utilised as targets for stone throwing; or even as missiles at rabbits and such like. Many sheep and cattle cut their feet on this broken glass. Then there is the danger of fire on the hill. Acres and acres of good grazing and young plantations have been destroyed by thoughtless people throwing matches and cigarette-ends about. It is poor comfort when the value of several years' work has been destroyed to find that the culprit is some penniless hiker. The 'hiker' can be punished; but what good is that? It does not refund the financial loss. The increase of pilfering is another trouble. A certain class of hiker appears to think that he should have not only free access to mountains; but free eggs, free milk, free potatoes, free flowers, and freedom to utilise gates and fences for firewood when necessary. These malpractices may seem trivial if viewed each one by itself; but when they occur every week-end, and all over the country, then it becomes a serious matter in the gross.

Villages which a few years ago lay undisturbed in quiet and beautiful surroundings, are today at week-ends invaded by crowds of 500 or 1,000 persons; all brought there by the development of modern transport; and the practices which they follow are, by reason of the change which has developed in regard to the observance of Sunday, very different from those



which existed in the days of our forefathers, or at the dawn of public rights of way.

### The Legal Aspect

While in England the law of trespass can still influence in some degree public conduct, and safeguard the amenities of landed proprietors and farmers, in Scotland no such law is available. The cumbersome process of interdict is all that can be enforced. It is quite obvious that things cannot go on much longer as they are; and that some new arrangement must be thought of. It would be far better that whatever be decided, should be arrived at by agreement of all interests concerned, rather than that one section or another of the public should feel that their livelihood is being sacrificed for political or class purposes. Today, with a National Government in power, would seem a very propitious moment to consider calmly the question of rural amenity. Never have people resident in the country been more ready to

here that whatever legal proceedings be permitted, they should be prompt and simple. Swift punishment will twice as soon bring home to the culprit a sense of rural amenity as action long delayed but accompanied with the majesty of a Circuit Court.

### A National Association?

It has been suggested that National Parks, or even Municipal Parks acquired in the neighbourhood of large cities, would get over the difficulty of finding suitable areas for the citizens to hike and camp in. But even if such areas could be found; what funds are to pay for them? Would they be National or Municipal property? And would citizens be entirely confined



Deer-stalkers and hikers in the Island of Arran

Photograph: E. W. Tattersall



Country Life. Photograph: E. W. Tattersall

to them? This idea, the more it is examined the less it seems a practical way out of the difficulty. There is, however, a direction in which public funds could be most usefully spent. A National Association ought to be created, with Parliamentary approval (say one for England and one for Scotland), with representation on its board embracing all organised associations interested in rural things. One might mention organisations such as: The Royal Agricultural Society of England, the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, the Chambers of Agriculture in England and Scotland, the Farmers' Union of England, and of Scotland, the Land Union of England, the Scottish Land and Property Federation, the Forestry Commission, the Land Agents' Society, the Scottish Factors Society, the Association for Preservation of Rural Beauty, the Mountaineering Clubs, the Rights of Way Association, the Ramblers' Federation, the Youth Hostels Association, the Camping Club of Great Britain, the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides Association.

The Government might allocate to these National Associations substantial grants—say pound for pound, according to private subscriptions collected by them—and they should utilise the money to provide hostels, camping grounds, and recreation fields; and, with proprietors' and farmers' approval, to survey, lay out, and maintain rights of way and trails. These National Associations should appoint Wardens to patrol the most frequented rendezvous and mountain or moorland trails. These Wardens would have to preserve good conduct, safeguard private property, prevent litter, and stop the lighting of

recognise changed conditions; or been more willing to accept legislative control; and never before have responsible persons in towns been more alive to agricultural requirements and the preservation of rural beauty. It only requires all organised opinion to be brought together in conference, and legislative action allowed to follow its recommendations.

Two things stand out clearly. It will not do to ban people wholly from the hills or open places. They have a right to enjoy a view of the beauties of their country; and they also have a right to enjoy recreations in fresh air and lovely surroundings. But on the other hand, no one should possess liberty to injure the livelihood, the pastime, or the property of those who reside in the country; and any such conduct should become an actionable offence at law. Let it be stated





A Sutherland deer forest, showing Ben Stack

Photograph: Robert M. Adam

fires in dangerous places. They would also bring action in Court for offences. In other words, these Wardens would be to hiking what R.A.C. patrol men are to motorists. In winter time, they could do some odd jobs to improve the trails or recreation and camping grounds.

These National Associations should also provide proper sanitary accommodation at camping grounds, and popular rendezvous. It is not fair that a thousand people should be dumped down in some rustic locality with no conveniences of any sort. Most objectionable practices have to be inflicted on, or put up with by, local inhabitants. It has been suggested 'why not make scavenging, or sewage areas of these popular places?' The answer is: why should local people be rated for and pay for the sanitary conveniences of thousands of outsiders who come there uninvited? Then it has been proposed to put such conveniences on the County rates; but here again ratepayers object, saying if public money be spent in this way in one place, similar claims will arise in many other places, and it is impossible to put every place on the rates for the benefit of strangers.

In short the hiking and camping business requires to be organised seriously through a proper National Authority. Provided approved trails be strictly adhered to and good conduct maintained, and that damage, noise, and litter become actionable offences, it is certain much objection to hiking will disappear.

In horse or dog racing it is not the actual racing that people object to; it is the unnecessary concomitants—the betting, the liquor and the noise, etc. So with camping and hiking. Few people object to decent and reasonable recreation if it be conducted free from undesirable practices. If the recreation be considerably followed, everyone from the landed proprietor to the allotment holder will welcome the financial value of the week-end exodus from the city to the country.

#### Sport as an Economic Asset

The hackneyed charge that thousands of acres of land are reserved for the sole enjoyment of a few rich alien sportsmen

is simply not true. Sport, whether deer-stalking or grouse-shooting, certainly plays its part in national life and economics; but excepting when hiking or camping is conducted at a wrong time, or in a bad manner, a traveller may pass on foot along well-known pathways without interference. When a hard-working business man has rented a moor for a month's shooting holiday, it must prove annoying when he is in the glen to hear hikers shouting to each other from hill-top to hill-top, and disturbing all the sport. Surely he has a right to ask the intruder to go back, or move on, or do something to allow him to enjoy his shooting in peace. Very few hikers raise objection when the position is explained to them. It is the politicians who try to make party capital out of every small incident.

Few people realise the importance of sport in rural economics. Common experience is that the return on shooting assessments will represent anything up to 30 per cent. or more of the total county (landward area) assessment revenue; and this may well represent thousands of pounds. For instance, in Inverness-shire the rateable valuation of sporting subjects comes to £57,000 per annum. If shooting did not pay its share of local taxation the burden would have to fall on other shoulders. This would be the same in regard to the National Exchequer to which the sport also contributes through special and heavy taxation such as gun licences, dog licences, game-keepers' licences, income tax, and so on.

The suggestion that if, during the stalking season, tourists kept clear of a specified glen on one day, they might be admitted to it on another, is not practicable on the mainland, whatever it may be on an island. Deer are wild animals and if once badly disturbed in one place they will leave altogether and travel away for miles. It is not possible to abolish fencing as there is cultivated land between glen and glen and this has to be protected against the ravages of the deer. Furthermore, variable wind and weather conditions make it impossible for more than a few hours ahead to schedule specified glens for stalking. The killing of deer is essential in the interests of sheep farming and forestry; and this can only be done at a



certain time of the year, otherwise the meat would be wasted. It is right, therefore, that adequate opportunity should be granted to have this done properly.

One method likely to improve rural amenity is to organise regular instruction in all city schools as to country life, and respect for national beauty and private property. If boys and girls can be inoculated when of school age with a proper sense of 'country', it is more than likely that when they grow up and become hikers and campers they will conduct themselves in a considerate manner. Prizes for essays upon suitable subjects could also be offered by the National Association; and regular instructional courses in rural life could be organised for teachers.

### 'No Need for a Law of Trespass'

All these things combined, and properly tackled, would go a long way to remove present-day difficulties; and would get rid of a great deal of misunderstanding and consequent bad feeling. There should be no need for an Access to Mountains Bill. It is all a matter of correct appreciation and common sense. In other words, if people understand that fences and locked gates are not put up to keep them out, but to keep stock in, then they will pass on their way without a sense of grievance. The suggestion that hotels have been closed by landowners in order to suppress hiking is certainly not generally correct. Small hotels have died out in some places solely because of crushing post-War liquor taxation which a short tourist season of three or four months' duration does not enable them to meet. Furthermore, the Scottish Local Veto legislation makes it far too risky for a new tenant to open a hotel in a small place where profits are

uncertain if 'no licence' should be enforced. Every landowner in these days of financial stringency is only too glad to possess a thriving hotel business on his property, for such a thing will make his rental more certain; and it is by receipt of rents alone that ninety-nine out of every hundred landowners can maintain their home and estates, and give employment to their people.

### Safeguards Against the Irresponsible Hiker

It is admitted that most of the damage is done by irresponsible hikers; that is to say, by young men and women who are not members of hiking or camping associations. It would be a great advantage if every hiker or camper could be induced or compelled to be enrolled as a member of some organisation, and obliged to carry on his person some licence or card. This would ensure that in the case of prosecution for unseemly conduct—litter, fire-raising, agricultural damage, pilfering, bottle throwing and poaching, not to mention trespassing—the right person would be made to answer for his or her actions; and some fund should become available from which proprietors and farmers could obtain adequate compensation for actual damage suffered.

With some control of this nature over a growing evil, there would remain very little objection to pure hiking or camping; but in the absence of all such safeguards it is only natural that the few in the country should seek self-defence against the many from the city by imposing measures of restraint. It would be to universal advantage to have an early conference of all interests concerned; and to seize the present opportunity to place the whole question of rural amenity on a thoroughly satisfactory footing.

## The Walker's Right to the Hills

By Dr. E. A. BAKER

THIS is perhaps as good a moment as will ever occur for quietly discussing the vexed question of public access to the mountains and the great uncultivated spaces of Britain. The attitude on both sides at present is not unfriendly, or averse to moderation and a proper regard for opposite points of view. Recent concessions on the part of Scottish landowners and the spirit in which they have been received indicate that a policy of give and take is feasible. But more is wanted than has yet been conceded; ill-feeling is not likely to be assuaged until such time as tourists are able to climb the mountains without fear of being molested, even in what happens to be the holiday season for both parties. Hiking and camping are not going to cease in a hurry. It is no longer a handful of mountaineers who are concerned, but a large class, whose wants are legitimate, and whose growth ought to be encouraged by all who have the general welfare at heart. There are two proposals that need consideration, that of an Access to Mountains Bill, and that of some amicable arrangement for the removal of obstacles, on the one hand, and the acceptance of fair restrictions, on the other. It is a case for good nature and regard for others, not of mere hostility. After all, there are sportsmen on both sides.

So far as Scotland is concerned, it is doubtful if the Bill, which has now been before the public for half-a-century, would give anything not enjoyed at present, that is, enjoyed in theory, in other words, according to the letter of the law. The position in England and Wales is entirely different, and must be reviewed separately. Since the English law of trespass does not apply in Scotland, where a proprietor cannot keep anyone off his deer forest except by the antiquated process of interdict, extra-legal devices have been employed to make the Highlands unpleasant except for the owners and their friends; hotels have been closed, a veto has been put on the entertainment of strangers, and other high-handed measures have been enforced, the economic and social results of which are only too well known. Some of these have become a thing of the past, but not all. The closed hotels have not been reopened, although in many districts tenants and employees are now allowed to take in tourists, and many proprietors let mountaineers and others motor up their private roads, and permit camping. In short, there are signs that a new spirit is

beginning. The pretence is being dropped that the pedestrian routes traversing almost every glen in the Highlands are not ancient rights of way, as they were shown to be in W. A. Smith's *Hill Paths in Scotland*\*, and out of the shooting season and the month or two previous wandering on the hills is not often interfered with.

### Access Even During the Shooting Season

But rights of way are of little use if no place of entertainment is to be found at the end of the day: restoration of the old inns or something in place of these is called for. And freedom to wander over picturesque country and to ascend the peaks is an empty boon if it can only be enjoyed at the time when no one can take a holiday. Some plan should be thought out by which the rambler may have some access to the hills even during the shooting season. Is this practicable without serious detriment to sport, or is it not? I venture to think it is, and that in the long run it would be to the interest of the owners of the land. It would certainly remove a grievance, and probably put an end to the outcry against deer forests. And, the Highlands being the finest natural playground available to the people of this island, their attractions an economic asset, and the potential tourist traffic an obvious source of profit to landowner and tenant, it would surely pay for any possible loss of income, a loss probably much smaller than is usually predicted from the reduction of amenities, that is to say, of privacy and solitude for those who go to the Highlands exclusively for sport.

The large monetary interests at stake must not be dismissed without due consideration. Many of the forests still earn big rents, if not as big as in the palmy days. They bring money into the country, even though they are not economic in the sense that they produce anything of value to the community. The owner of a large forest once informed me that it cost him 'many thousands' a year to keep up, which means that he spends a great part of his income in the Highlands instead of in England. He is a sound mathematician, and the other day he told me that every stag shot on his ground costs him a hundred pounds. I give the figures on his authority, saying nothing of the economic paradox—an industry that keeps agriculture down and is the reverse of productive bringing

\*Published by Macniven and Wallace, Prince Street, Edinburgh. Price 2s. 6d.





Ben MacDhui and Loch Avon, in the heart of the Cairngorms, a district which has been suggested as suitable for a National Park

*Photograph: Robert M. Adam*

wealth into a country, simply because moneyed persons are willing to pay heavily for the privilege of destroying something. A system that in one way or another yields such sums cannot be overthrown without regard to the consequences.

### A Plan to Pool the Forests

But, if the tourist were allowed to partake in the enjoyment of this gentleman's beautiful hills, which are among the finest in Scotland, would their value be materially reduced? Why not enter into an agreement with the public, not a very large public, for only the fit and few would adventure among these rugged peaks, that when stalking is to take place in one part of the forest they should go elsewhere, if access is allowed at other times? This has proved satisfactory to everyone in Arran, where except when notices are up that a glen is closed for a day's stalking the tourist has the run of the island. A similar arrangement would be possible in Skye or Rum, where the deer could not wander away. But on the mainland there are no fences between the forests, and deer that are disturbed might cross into the next forest and not come back till the season is over. Such, at any rate, is the argument. But, if fences are not to be thought of, and they are certainly not healthy for deer, is the absolute exclusion of the public the only alternative? Forests vary in character, and in some, even on the mainland, the shooting of deer is not incompatible with a reasonable measure of access. But all the trouble would be avoided if the Highlands were regarded as one great forest, as they were before the present artificial system came in a century ago, and if a stag crossed the march the sportsman was at liberty to continue the stalk and hunt him down. Virtually, in the absence of deer fences, the Highlands are still one great forest, in which the herds can roam from one side of Scotland to the other. It only remains to pool the different properties, and establish a code of licences or other regulations by which owners or lessees and their guests would be entitled to a certain number of heads. Those who know Highland history will be aware that this is neither a novel nor an unreasonable proposal. Let those landowners who are conscious of the injustice of shutting up the Highlands to the rest of the world, and who realise what is the political economy of the situation, consider some such scheme, or state what other proposals they can suggest to end the present deadlock. The public does not believe that so many vexatious restrictions are indispensable to the continuance of this ancient sport.

The Duke of Montrose has put the case of the farming industry against the carelessness of picknickers and hikers;

and all the rambling and touring associations, who are doing their best by anti-litter campaigns and the efforts of their 'Wardens' to ensure good behaviour, will cordially agree. But it is not agricultural land that is in question; the hiker does not want to wander over cultivated fields. It is the vast areas that are useless for agriculture to which he craves access.

### The National Park Idea

The proposed National Park in the Cairngorms is an attractive project, and much of the ground to be included already belongs to the nation, whilst more is practically in the market. But if realised it would not settle the whole issue. It would be a valuable experiment, by which various ideas might be tried out. Is it to be strictly a nature reserve, or is shooting to continue, with or without reservations? If there were a ring fence all round, there is plenty of room for both the Rambler and the deer-stalker; if not, the area would either become a desert, so far as deer are concerned, or if no gun were ever fired it would tend to be a sanctuary and the adjoining forests would be gradually depopulated. There are other tracts of mountain and glen with as good a claim as the Cairngorms to be made into a national park, both in the Highlands and in the Lowlands. The Peak of Derbyshire, the English Lakes, Snowdonia, Exmoor, the Forest of Dean, and other parts of England or Wales, have been nominated for the same honour.

### English Moors Barred to Walkers

And this brings up the question of southern Britain, where the problem of access is even more pressing. Here the Bill, which would give so little to Scotland, would at once provide an outlet for the congested life in our centres of industry; and, if combined with a judicious scheme of national parks, would settle a crowd of questions, such as regional planning and the preservation of the countryside. In the South, grouse moors have had the same evil results as deer forests in the north, and their sanctity has been defended by the same pretences. The sacred bird, it is alleged, is subject to the same temperamental whims and fancies as make the stag's life a burden—till the sportsman's rifle ends his existence. The red grouse must not be disturbed by the sight of a human being, especially of the lower orders, during the nesting season or the shooting season or in between, or the consequences will be disastrous. And so from the outskirts of Manchester to the outskirts of Sheffield a vast breadth of magnificent fells and beautiful river-valleys must remain from year-end to year-end untrodden by the foot of man, except a few gamekeepers and an occasional party



during the shooting season—a profound solitude close to the densest population in the world. Ancient rights of way have been stopped for many decades. One or two, such as the Doctor's Gate and the Kinderscout track to the Snake Inn, have been fought for and recovered; others are claimed, and are waiting for the funds required to vindicate the claims of the public. But it should never be forgotten that before the craze for grouse shooting the whole breadth of these moors was freely traversed by the inhabitants on either side. They were so free and open that the public right to defined tracks is the more difficult to establish.

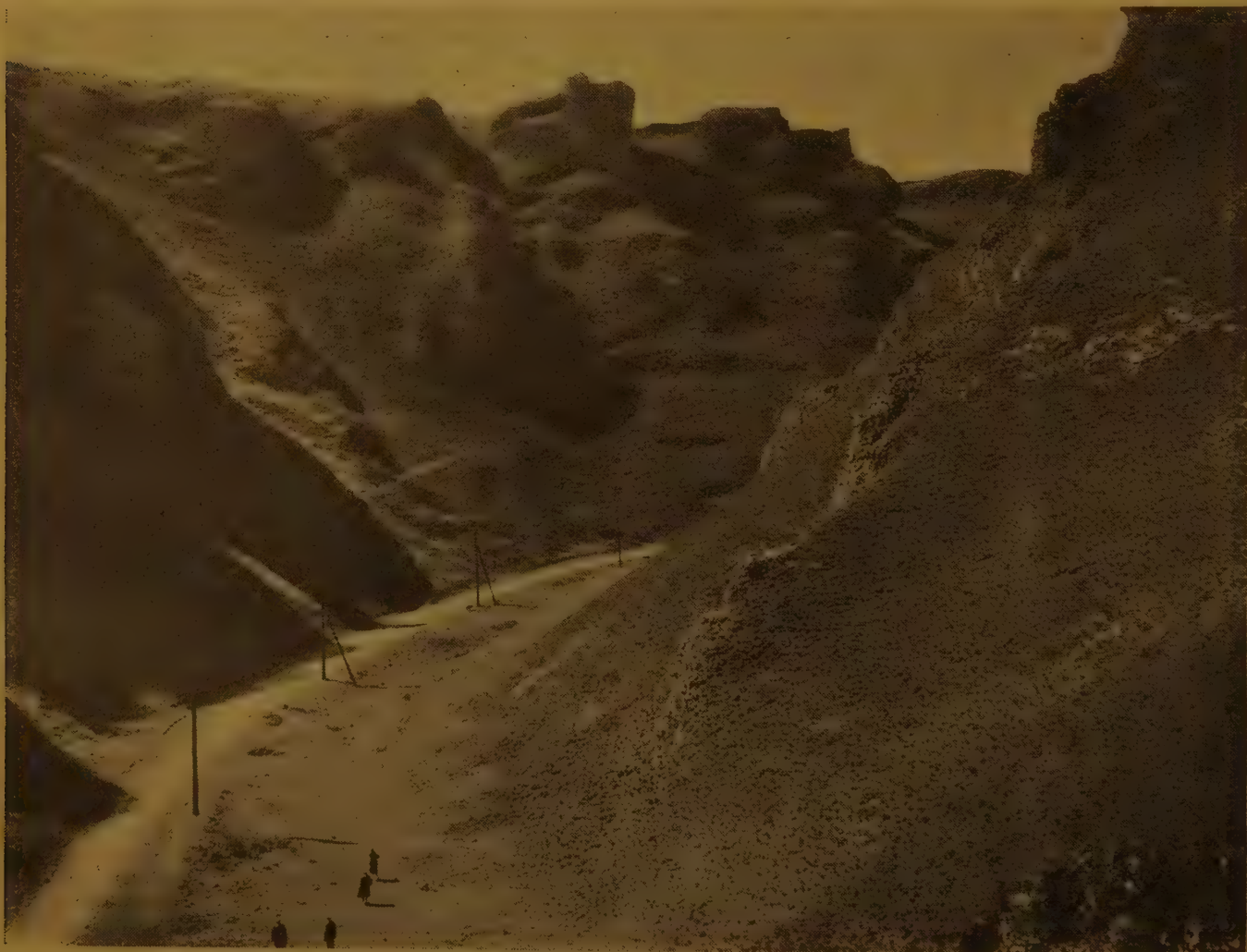
### Full Cities and Empty Moors

All along the Pennine, and in Wales, and on the Welsh border, it is the same state of things. Areas comprising the wildest scenery south of Cumberland must on no account be trespassed upon by the millions who are penned in the neighbouring slums. No one really believes that the grouse or the moor would be a penny the worse if the famous mass trespassers who recently met with such harsh punishment, or ten times as many, were let loose to scatter themselves over these huge expanses of rock and heather? If you have ever been on a moor, you will be well aware how difficult it is to find such a tiny object as a grouse nest, and what nonsense it is to suppose that mother or brood will suffer permanent damage if by chance it is found and inspected. As in the case of deer forests, let the owners drop these fictions and make out a case that can be discussed; let them state what are the indispensable conditions for rearing and shooting grouse in bulk, and show whether access cannot be granted at all times so long as a drive is not actually in progress.

### Are Present Restrictions for the Common Good?

But a good many things will have to be proved that to the average intelligent person seem absurd and incredible if any

sort of case is to be made out, not merely for ensuring good sport, but for enforcing such restrictions for any purpose whatever that is not for the common weal. The human side of the question must be taken into account; the social injustice of locking up these vast spaces against the millions who are perishing for a breath of fresh air cries out for redress. No wonder there are violent rebels against the plutocratic regime when it claims monopolies that no previous age has tolerated since the feudal era; for it was the nineteenth century that extinguished a thriving population in the Highlands and decreed that whole ranges of English fells must be kept inviolate for grouse shooting, and the twentieth that tries to maintain such an anomaly. Some lip-service is paid to their social responsibilities by the possessors of wealth. Yet the existing situation is not only unjust but also illegal at bottom. As Sir Robert Hunter and his fellow-jurists pleaded when they successfully defended the people's right to Epping Forest, the institution of property is itself based on the welfare of the community. Enclosures have been authorised from time to time for the purposes of agriculture; that is their whole history; and, as is well known, when the commons were enclosed in the last century, it was on the understanding that they should grow corn, a condition ironically fulfilled in the case of the moorlands by the scattering of a few grains on the barren soil. Owners have a duty to the nation; and, if they cannot make a tract of country produce food, they have no moral or ultimately legal right to make it inaccessible to their fellow-citizens. Some settlement of a grievance which in these days of over-population and national poverty is an economic absurdity cannot be delayed much longer. The outdoor movement will not be stayed. The English are too truly a race of sportsmen to wish to abolish either deer-stalking or grouse-shooting; but they are now too much alive to realities to put up with a tyranny so grossly out of date.



The Winnats Pass, in the Peak District, an area where much of the moorland is made inaccessible to the walker

Photograph: J. Dixon-Scott



## Gauging Human Personality—II

## Does Race Count?

By ROBERT SAUDEK

**R**ACIAL hatred and prejudice have always dominated the human mind. We say that blood tells, and some think that some racial instincts are so innately alive in us as not only to make us feel a deep reluctance against any intimacy with alien races, but also to make us sure of the supremacy of our own race. We take it for granted that our particular civilisation is nobler and higher than the others, and that in some way Providence has meant us to pass our culture on to future generations for the sake and glory of our, God's own chosen, race.

It was this vague and rather religious conception which urged Man in the past, and is still urging him in the present, to force other races into accepting his standards of valuation, and to annihilate those who oppose his valuations and creeds. Some call this the healthy and natural instinct of the race. But others, with the dawning of scientific enlightenment, are rather inclined to mistrust those 'healthy instincts', and would feel more at ease if they had them reasoned out by facts and arguments.

Many Americans feel quite sure that the Indians and Negroes should be suppressed, or anyhow not regarded as equals of the white population. But still, they do sometimes wonder why precisely this should be so, and what actually is the scientific evidence of the *prima facie* plausible moral and intellectual inferiority of the coloured races.

## Significance of Racial Characteristics

First of all, what precisely is race? A biological term dealing with physical characteristics based on 'blood relationship'. Are there, properly speaking, Aryan and Semitic races? No. The two words are linguistic terms referring to peoples who first learned to speak the one or the other dialect; they deal with environmental characteristics, which means with acquired habits rather than with inherited bodily features. Only a negligible proportion of the Jews speak Hebrew. Language has, of course, never been regarded as a congenital characteristic.

Let a European of pure Nordic stock, say a young Dutchman, with tall figure, blond hair and blue eyes, meet a man of mixed blood. Would he not, according to that instinct-theory, be supposed immediately to react by some emotional aversion against any intimacy with his new acquaintance? Now, experience teaches that he does not. It is an old game with club members in the Dutch colonies, for the sake of a joke, to introduce a newcomer on his first club night to two or three fellows of mixed blood but European looks. In nine cases out of ten he likes them better than his pure-blooded countrymen. It may be that he feels this way because they are friendlier and less reserved towards the newcomer, but the fact remains that his 'instinct' does not scent his new friends' great-grandmothers' blood, though in a few months' time his prejudice has been sufficiently conditioned in his novel environment to make his racial 'instinct' work as it is expected to work.

Are the colours of skin, hair and iris scientific marks of higher or lower efficiency, or of accelerated or retarded development, or of innate superiority or inferiority? About the part which pigmentation has possibly played, and still plays, in the evolution of Man, we know nothing. No ape or monkey has negroid crimped woolly hair, but many have straight black hair. Again, thin lips are apish, since no ape has thick out-turned lips like the African Negroes. True, no pure Negro is blond, but then many apes are.

Dr. Gordon measured the skulls of several thousands of native stock and of Europeans in Kenya, and found that the size of the brain is not only bigger in all Europeans, but also that the smallest size of a 'white' brain is bigger than the biggest of the 'black' brains; and he argued that we are wrong in imposing our Western civilisation on the natives who because of their small brain are innately incapable of absorbing it, and must needs degenerate rather than develop under intellectual tasks for which they are not adequate. But it has been definitely established that weight and size of the brain are in no way correlated with each other. According to Dr. Gordon,

the average capacity of the brain of the Kenya Negro is 1316 c.c., and that of the European 1481 c.c. (the average capacity of an Englishman's skull being 1470 c.c.) But Martin has shown that the average brain of a group of Eskimos was 1563 c.c.! If Dr. Gordon's theory that bigger brain means higher intelligence, and that nobody can assimilate the civilisation of superior men with a bigger brain, were true, it would follow that Eskimos have a higher culture than we, and that we are innately incapable of rising to their higher intellectual level. Besides, the average brain of a black man from Kenya is about the same size as the brain of an average woman in England and the U.S.A.

## Size of Brain in Relation to Intelligence

The English-born German prophet, H. S. Chamberlain, developed another theory. He does not believe that the size of the brain shows a correlation with the degree of intellect, but rather thinks that blond pigmented hair is superior to black, and that races with long-shaped skulls and tall bodies, which he thinks to be typically Nordic, have a higher 'cultural mission'. Again, what is the information science has to offer about this phenomenon? First, how does one determine and classify the shape of a head? With the cephalic index; which means with the ratio of the greatest length of the skull (taken from the point between the eyebrows) to the greatest breadth (the breadth divided by the length and multiplied by 100 being the index). Skulls with an index below 75 are called long or dolichocephalic, above 80 short or brachycephalic, and between 75 and 80 medium.

Now, it is true that Nordics are on the average long-headed, long-faced, with narrower noses than the Mediterraneans. Their skin contains little pigment and turns more red than brown when exposed to the sun.

But fossil remains of Crô-Magnon man have been found in Wales and in France, whose brain was 15 per cent. larger than that of contemporary Englishmen, and whose stature was two inches taller than that of any living race. His head was long. (The pigmentation of his skin and hair we do not know.) Was he culturally higher than the Nordic whose supposedly typical physical traits he possessed in a so much more highly developed state? He lived about 25,000 years ago. The Swedes are admittedly the purest Nordic type in our days. Can anybody claim that their cultural performances surpass those of any other race or nation? Neither would the most patriotic Swede claim such a superiority, nor would the most humble German, Englishman, Frenchman or Italian accept it.

But is there such a thing as a pure, or almost pure, race? If Eskimos and Pygmies may be taken as races, yes; otherwise, no.

Of Eskimos' skulls the late G. A. Dorsay wrote: 'I know of no skull more specialised and more easily distinguishable in a collection of skulls . . . no people living are "purer".' And Pygmies, though spread over a quarter of the globe (Central Africa, Malay Peninsula, New Guinea, and the Philippines), show almost identical physical features. Both these races (if they are such) have for centuries lived in geographical isolation, and thus preserved their mental and bodily traits. But with them we are here not concerned, since they are hardly the object of Western racial hatred.

## Racial Complexity in Europe

In the regions of Western civilisation, nowhere do we come across whole nations with identical or highly similar physical traits. A highly organised country, priding herself on her Nordic 'mission' and putting all her faith of racial valuation into tall figures, fair complexions, and blond hair, may manage to impress the casual visitor with the Nordic appearance of her population by employing all her brachycephalic, black-haired and short policemen in the stations, and by selecting all the dolichocephalic, blond, tall bobbies for the traffic services in the crowded city quarters; but statistics prove that the majority of her whole population is brachycephalic and black-haired, and that a great percentage even of her tall men are



stout. (It is a matter for dietarians rather than for anthropologists to find out whether stoutness does or does not go with an excessive consumption of beer.)

Of hardly any individual can science with certainty say whether he is of a 'pure race,' and if not, what actual physical traits speak for which pedigree; the reason being that an individual may apparently bear most, if not all, traits of a pure

The trouble with this theory is that the very facts on which it is based refute rather than confirm its validity. How could a small minority, in spite of all persecutions, get so strong a hold on an overwhelming majority of the people if it were so inferior as it is alleged to be? How could it excel the others out of proportion to its own size in those very professions which other nations of the Western civilisation regard as prominently intellectual and cultural?

Leaving the economic aspect of the problem aside, the answer which those racial psychologists offer boils down to the following arguments. Contemporary judgment of intellectual performance is often not only unreliable, but actually misleading. Replace the present 'liberalistic' standards of virtues and vices, or of cultural performances in science, arts, and religion by the ideals at which *we* aim (so they say), and you will come to quite different valuations. By all means go on believing in and fighting for your liberalistic standards, if it so pleases you, but don't try to undermine the ideals of *our* Race. Watch the great experiment of our racial resurrection; we are going to show you that our ideals are higher and sounder than yours.

It all sounds very inspiring and prophetic, but this is what Germany's greatest authority, Professor Eugen Fischer, head of the official institute for the research on heredity and now Rector of Berlin University, wrote on 'The Crossing of Different Races in relation to Intellectual Performance':

It is not of such importance to enquire what the results are of a crossing of two individuals of different races. The old conception that cross-bred individuals always present the defects of both parents is



Fig. 1—Normally pigmented Indians with their white child

race, and still be the 'carrier' of quite different traits which he will pass on to his progeny.

Fig. 1 gives an example of such a case of 'Mendelian segregation'. It shows normally pigmented Indians of Panama, and their 'white' child; while Fig. 2 shows a family of white Indians, where the girl has some slight facial features of the Indian race, while the boy could equally well be taken for a German, Dutchman, or Scandinavian.

### Scientific Outlook on the 'Minority' Problem

The politicians who think it their holy duty to incite the population to hatred of some of their minorities neither ignore the fact that frequent crossings have gone on for centuries in Europe, as in fact almost all over the world, and that pure racial types are extremely rare; nor do they think that past 'sins' can be undone. But they do maintain that (1) now is just zero hour to stop that degeneration; (2) that crossings with certain minorities, which up to now have erroneously been regarded as equally cultured, really make for degeneration of the race inflicted with such 'liberalistic ideas'; (3) that as far as mental degeneration is concerned it does not necessarily go with definite physical traits, but rather with that philosophy of life typical of that 'degenerate' or anyhow alien minority race; (4) that on the strength of the preceding three arguments the only salvation lies in the shutting out of those mentally or morally inferior minorities from any professions where they could exercise a noxious influence on the mentally and morally superior majority.



Fig. 2—A family of white Indians

Photographs: Science Service, Washington, D.C.

*fundamentally false.* The cross-bred individuals that originally gave rise to this belief sprang from haphazard illegitimate relations between *white* men and women of the *coloured* races. Much greater importance attaches to the crossing of whole groups belonging to different races. The most extensive crossing of races known in Europe took place during the so-called migration of the nations, when large groups of Nordic races crossed with peoples of other European races (Alpine, Dinaric, Mediterranean, antero-Asiatic). Through the mingling of these races of equal intellectual calibre, the present-day high civilisations arose. *In regions where the Nordic race is purest, it has not achieved any conspicuous cultural greatness.* The highest attainments have been secured in the area in which crossing occurred. Here, for instance, the



German people produced most of its musicians, poets and thinkers.

The 'laws' governing hereditary physical characteristics are not so difficult to discover, but the 'laws' affecting hereditary mental qualities must be deduced. There is no doubt that these, as well as the former, follow the well-known Mendelian 'laws'. It is a fact that in especially fortunate crossings the cross-bred individuals have qualities that excel, by far, those of their parents. In other words, they 'luxuriate', and all breeding of animals and plants is based on this capacity. Judging from the results of racial crossings, not only in Europe but also among the Japanese, it appears as if such an exuberant development of the mental qualities, intelligence, temperament, disposition and character, constituted the fundamental basis of European progress, after the completion of the migration of the nations.

There is hardly a scientist in any country who would not subscribe to these statements. But does it penetrate to the core, or even touch the surface, of the acutest political problem in Central Europe? The Jews are evidently not a coloured race; what then are they in Professor Fischer's view? Just one of those 'different races' of whom he says that they so successfully cross-bred with Germans? This is probably what Professor Fischer thought only a short while ago.

Shall this credo, the summary of a life's scientific experience, be discarded for political slogans? Shall science be put aside to make place for such 'witty' generalities as that the Jews are conspirators against Germanic culture, the Indians irresponsible politicians, the French either realists or phrasemongers, the Irish braggarts, the Scots stingy, the Americans dollar-idolators, and the English a hypocritical nation of shop-keepers?

You can bring forward evidence for any of these stupid

generalities, but then you would not fight and suppress any of those wicked degenerate 'races' to prove the superior wisdom of your own racial philosophy. Character and personality are only partly shaped by race, and even 'pure' races have sometimes undergone radical changes in a relatively short course of time.

The scientists who try to determine the influence of different environmental factors on an equal genetic constitution show that environmental influences may be so strong as almost completely to remould character. The United States have been compared to a melting-pot, in which not only the mental but also definite physical features of the immigrating races have changed within three generations. And the assimilation of the Jews in Germany in the last three hundred years or so was probably even stronger.

But it has also been established that this experience (fortunate or unfortunate as you may regard it according to your point of view) has no general validity. Assimilation is a question of individual persons, or possibly families, rather than of a race as a whole. Scientific evidence available so far shows that intelligence is mainly congenital, whereas emotional traits of personality are chiefly conditioned by environmental influences. Adverse experience in life, clashes against the congenitally different temperament of alien environments, certainly create instability, restlessness, depressions, and neurotic traits in personality. This would explain why racial minorities are, in this respect at least, very often inferior to the population among which they live, and why in spite of their intellectual superiority, they may be rightly regarded as an emotionally unstable, and for this reason unwelcome, element within the nation.

## The School Broadcast Programme

Broadcasts to Schools: 1934-35. Broadcasts to Scottish Schools: 1934-35. Post Free, 1d. each

THE POTENTIAL DANGER in any scheme of broadcasts to schools is that of encouraging standardisation. It is no reflection upon teachers as a whole to say that some of them are too ready to surrender their identity to official authority. Sometimes they surrender it to a martinet head-master or head-mistress who lays down the law for the whole school. Sometimes they are compelled to yield it, at least in some measure, to the demands of school-leaving examinations. It was not unnatural, therefore, that when the B.B.C. began its broadcasts to schools there were many who feared that its intervention might accelerate the tendency to standardisation.

For even among the teachers who are not disposed to yield to authority there is the pressure of other circumstances which tend to the same result. Big classes and the demands of a varied curriculum can lead even the keenest teacher to seek relief in short cuts and mass methods. And this was where a Schools Programme seemed such a potential temptation. The B.B.C. has the prestige of authority; and if it were to use its powers unguardedly it could tempt many teachers too far. It could lessen their labours, it could relieve them of responsibility, it could reduce them to the level of machine-minders. That was a possible consequence of broadcasts to schools; it is one which the B.B.C. has tried to resist; and it is one which should be resisted by everyone who cares for education. It cannot be too often dinned into the ears of the community that education is not a product but a process: that it is something communicated in terms of personality; that its unit of development is the little society of the class room, whose autonomy must be preserved from the intrusion of any system of remote control.

In his preface to the 1934-35 Programme Lord Eustace Percy, the Chairman of the Central Council for School Broadcasting, emphasises once more that the broadcasts are intended only as a supplement to class work and not as an attempt to standardise the educational experience of the children in the schools. This reiteration cannot be made too often.

The Council clearly takes every precaution to keep school broadcasting in its place, and it seeks the widest co-operation with the class-room teacher. No less than 2,500 teachers, for example, sent in written reports of their experiences of school broadcasting last autumn, and every variety of scholastic interest is represented on the able and industrious Central Council. The 1934-35 Programme is in most ways as excellent as it is comprehensive. Two categories of the broadcasts are certainly beyond criticism. The first consists of those 'in which the element of sound is particularly important, e.g. Music, Modern Languages, English speech'. These are, in fact, approximately actual class-room lessons, since the children are required to respond on the spot to the broadcaster's instructions. It is an example of active two-way traffic. The second category con-

sists of talks which have an imaginative stimulus; talks comparable to what the cinema calls 'actualities'—travellers' tales, running commentaries, and so on. And these are evidently a valuable supplement to class-room experience. The third category—that of the informative talk—is the one which may rouse controversy; and the Council itself is probably less satisfied with this part of its programme than with any other. It may well be contended that the only justification for the informative talk is that it should be given by a person of superlative personality. In no other respect can it compete successfully against average class-room teaching. Even Commander King-Hall, who is a phenomenal microphone success, would get across ten times better in the actual class-room.

These informative talks in the Schools Programme, however, represent the last word in expertise and knowledge—being given by such personalities as Professor Eileen Power, Professor Forde and Dr. Unstead. There is, moreover, plenty of scope in this Programme for every preference. Those teachers who want broadcasts which incite rather than inform will welcome such series as 'Some Books I Like', 'Round the Countryside', and the travel talks about Java, Peru and Patagonia.

As an auxiliary on the imaginative side the School Broadcasts are of indisputable value, and this is probably where they can most fruitfully be developed. A fuller amalgamation with the interests and methods of the admirable Children's Hour might some day be experimented with, and might create an even larger and happier constituency of young listeners. Is there not a growing opportunity for the B.B.C. to play its part in breaking down the false antithesis which we incline to make between education and entertainment? It is the antithesis which has been so lamentably accepted in the cinema, the delusion that where there is entertainment there can be no mental and spiritual satisfaction—with the consequence that we get entertainment at its crudest and information at its dullest. Many people would like to see the B.B.C. make the bold experiment of excluding everything 'informative' in favour of broadcasts which are pre-eminently entertainment, stimulus and refreshment—more music, more dramatisation, more actualities, more casual commentaries on Books I Like, and more Travellers' Tales.

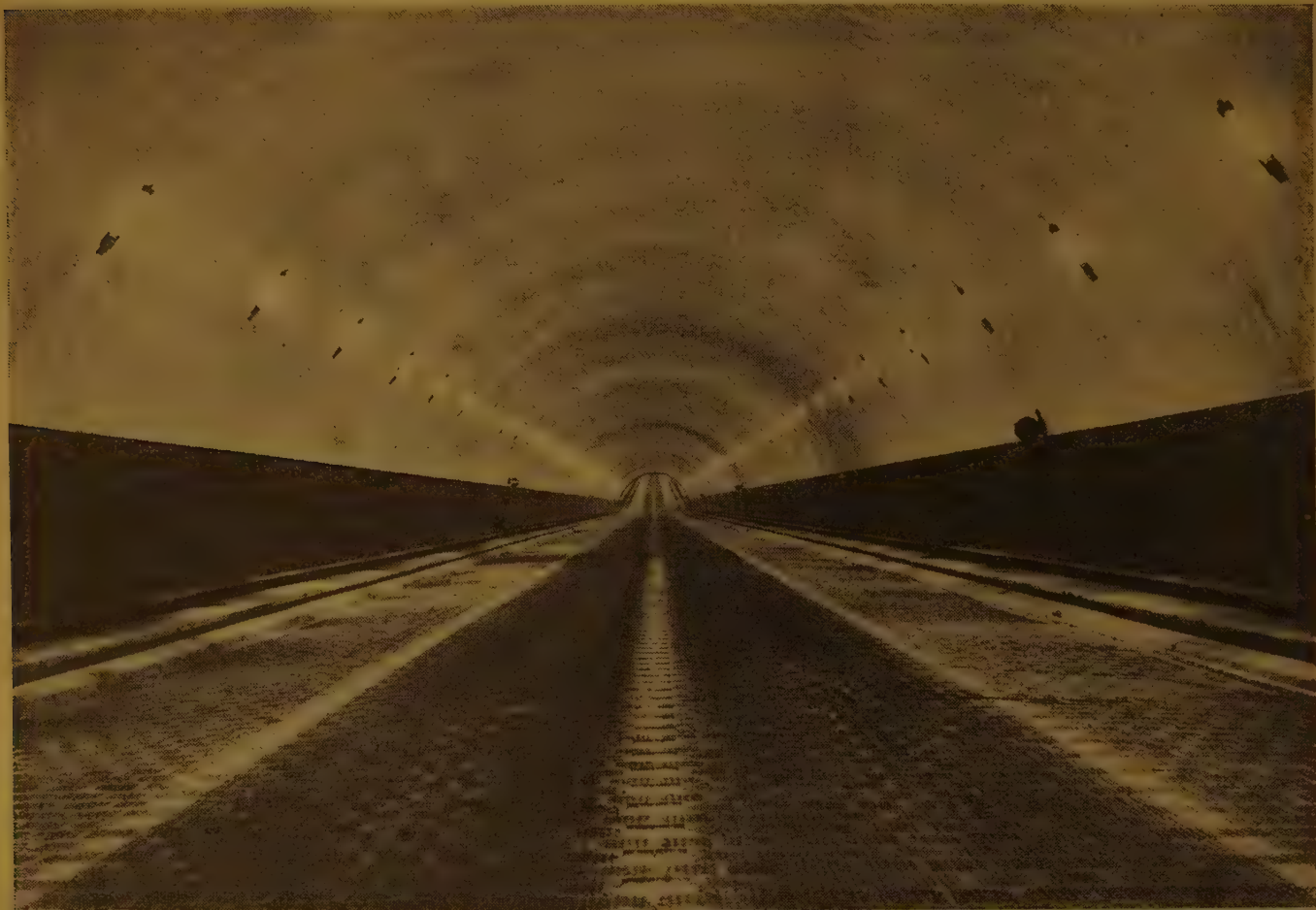
There is much in the new Schools Programme which already fulfils these desiderata. There are Miss Rhoda Power's dramatic interludes in the History Courses; there is the series on Life and Work; and the Book Talks are as perfectly planned as one can wish. One new feature is particularly welcome. It is a course of talks for children in rural schools; and its purpose is to encourage children in, say, the Fens to compare their environment and local experiences with those of children in Cumberland. This is the kind of stimulus to cultivate the child's imagination.

W. E. WILLIAMS



## *New Buildings in the North-West*

*Views of the Mersey Tunnel (top and lower left) and Birkenhead Public Library (lower right), both of which were opened by the King on July 18*





# Microphone Miscellany

*Some extracts from recent broadcast talks*

## The Floods in Poland

*Broadcast on July 23*

ABOUT TEN DAYS AGO torrential rain fell in an area 150 miles long in the Carpathian Mountains. Zakopane, the Polish St. Moritz, in the High Tatra, had seven inches of rain in 24 hours, and ten inches were recorded in some of the villages higher up. Zakopane was inundated. The Dunajec River started rising alarmingly, and poured down its valley to descene on the town of Nowysacz. This was bad enough, but two days of torrential rain followed. In places rivers left their beds and made new courses for themselves, and even joined up with other rivers some miles away to make one rushing destructive torrent which flooded the cultivated plains. The water came so suddenly that thousands were caught unawares, and many lost their lives: reports already speak of at least 600 lives lost—more than 10,000 farms are computed to be under water in this area alone. But the real tragedy is that it is harvest time, and the flood has robbed tens of thousands of peasants of all they have. All the rivers running down from the Carpathians which caused this havoc feed the Vistula, so this one river has to carry away the flood from an area as big as Belgium or Wales.

On Thursday the river started to rise in Warsaw; on Friday morning it was rising at the rate of four inches an hour, and hour by hour—it almost seemed minute by minute—one could watch the sandy islands in the middle disappearing. By Friday evening the river was a muddy torrent covered with a scum like fermenting beer. On Saturday morning the river was still rising, and we were warned to expect three waves of high water—from the Dunajec floods, the floods in another tributary, the San, and finally the flood waters from Cracow. Fortunately the main part of Warsaw is built on a plateau 50 feet above the river, so that the town was never in danger; but between the edge of the high ground and the river banks live some 50,000 workpeople, many of whose houses are now below river level and protected only by the embankments.

Outside Warsaw, dykes some 20 feet high, built of sandy soil, stand about 400 yards back from the river. These are the protection for the surrounding farms against seasonal floods. Playing golf on Sunday we stopped and walked by the dyke. It was rather disconcerting to realise that the river had been five feet above our heads; instead of a quiet 200 yards wide stream running among sandbanks, there was the imposing spectacle of 600 yards of yellow swirling water swirling by at a speed which must have been nearly ten miles an hour. Sheaves of corn, trees, remains of wooden houses, and sometimes carcasses of cattle, could be made out. Crowds of people were on the dykes watching the encroaching water. Only another six feet to the top—and this was the first wave!

Today I visited the headquarters of the volunteer labour corps organised to guard the dykes and evacuate the threatened villages. The Commandant told me that the final wave was expected to reach Warsaw at 11 o'clock tonight—that is, in just about two hours' time—and that the highest water was expected in the early hours of the morning. While I was there, a telephone message came, and a labour squad was rushed off to a threatened point some three miles away.

Crowds of people are standing along the river-front this evening, gazing down at the quays which are now some 4 or 5 feet under water, or watching the meter which records the river depth. When I looked at the gauge a few minutes ago this evening it recorded about 15 feet above normal—and people speak of a further 2 foot rise tonight. That means there is no danger of its over-topping the dykes. But will they be able to withstand the long-sustained pressure? It is touch and go. Threatened villages have been evacuated. Here and there, where there are leaks due to pressure, squads are working all night with the aid of searchlights.

R. H. SIDDONS

## Machinery and the Farm-hand

I'VE BEEN TOLD THAT one agricultural show is very like another; and that when you've seen one you've seen the lot. That may be true to some extent for the shows of one year, but each year is different to the previous one, for, in farming especially, as my dairyman says, 'Nothin' don't stand still'. In short, the history of farming is a series of innovations. Years ago horses and wind and steam were the only forms of power for farm use, but with the advent of oil and the internal combustion engine, to say nothing of electricity, nearly every farming operation can be performed by machinery. The greater part of a show, then, seems to be a buzz of machinery.

Have you ever thought how wonderfully efficient the average farm labourer has become with all sorts of complicated machinery? That man with the slow ploughman's plod wandering

between the exhibits is to the average townsman just one more rather vacant looking yokel. But watch him. See him with his head and maybe his beard dangerously close to the moving bowels of a tractor. Listen to him asking pertinent questions of the smart salesman. Hear his criticisms or his approval of a new power-drive mower. 'I tell 'ee, guvner, that you do want to make thic part a deal stronger. 'Er do bust in a heavy cut of grass.' The salesman pooh-poohs this until he is brought up short by, 'Tidn' no manner o' use fer thee to talk, guvner. Tha's a good tool, thic mower. Gits awver the ground amazin', but I've a cut aighty acres wi' one o' they this year, an' I've a busted thic part dree times.'

All over the show ground you can hear and see that sort of thing going on. The shepherd, who probably has sheared hundreds of sheep with hand shears, investigates the power shearer. The dairyman, who after many years of handmilking now runs a machine milker, inspects the latest models of these machines as an expert. Also he will argue about the best methods of producing clean milk and the reasons for high bacterial counts almost like a county council lecturer. It always pleases me to hear the Wessex dialect used in connection with modern machinery. 'Why dussent put this magneto where a feller kin get at un?' A very pertinent question that in a few cases, although most makers of farm tractors do realise the necessity for putting this all-important part of an engine in an accessible place. But somehow I don't think that the inventor of the magneto or even the men who make them today have ever realised that the product of their ingenuity and craftsmanship is referred to as 'Thic magneto'. When you hear a man say, 'Thic magneto, zno', you are listening to the best type of Wessex farm hand in this year of grace 1934.

A. G. STREET

## A Nineteenth-Century Social-worker

ROBERT DOLLING WAS ORDAINED at thirty-one, before which Arthur Stanton got hold of him and brought him into the St. Martin's League (his social league for young postmen). St. Alban's, Holborn, became his Church, and Stanton made him Warden of the League house in the Borough Road. He was very happy in these jolly surroundings, but he wanted to dig deeper. He made friends with the hooligans of those days—they don't exist today. He used to call them the Angels, because their rags and tatters looked like wings. He lit the kitchen boiler, washed the boys, and collected what clothes he could for them. He gave these boys a splendid Christmas dinner. They took a long run to shake down the first course and be ready for the pudding. The spruce young postmen said they were sorry, but they could not live in an entomological museum. So Dolling was convinced that his mission was to the verminous. He saw that a mission to the verminous needed the priesthood, and, after a rather uncomfortable time at Salisbury Theological College, he was ordained to a parish in that diocese, which sent him to work in the East End of London. He worked for two years in Maidmain Street, but Bishop Temple did not feel he could give him an entirely independent charge. Happily, Winchester College offered this remarkable man the charge of the College Mission at Landport, and Dolling took it.

There is nothing more honourable in recent English Church history than the relations between Dolling and Winchester. Not only did Dolling make the Mission a vital part of the life of the school, but both masters and boys drew him into school politics and school secrets, and made him their confidant. They all saw in him their ideal of a religious God-fearing man.

St. Agatha's, Landport, was like a pirate's nest, full of the lowest degradation, but a scene of tumult, excitement and loud laughter. Public houses of the lowest class, fifty bad houses, streets full of romping horse-play, cheapjacks and roundabouts—a Bunyan Vanity Fair of the lowest class. For this spot Dolling collected £50,000. He built a parsonage large enough to take in the maimed, the halt and the blind; a great gymnasium, swimming baths and a grand Basilican Church. Here he gathered tramps and thieves and Winchester prefects and soldiers and sailors and good Bishop Thorold himself, who selected the two smartest thieves as his table companions, Dolling making everything easy by his genial loving kindness. He made friends with every kind of dissenter, closed the fifty brothels, reduced the public houses and headed a successful movement for shorter hours in the shops. The great twin brethren in the fight with evil were Dolling and a Baptist Minister. The fact is that the love of all men radiated from him and the utter sincerity and self-sacrifice of his life got him a hearing. Men listened because as he spoke he was curing the ills around him and giving his lifeblood to the task.

In the clergy house three people had lived very close to



Dolling's loving heart—Harry Ross, Willie Dore and little Harry. They were too delicate to earn their own livings—Willie Dore was blind, and when Ross died Dolling built an altar in memory of him and surrounded it with memorials of the members of the Mission who had died. He determined to carry this into the new St. Agatha's, but the Bishop who had to consecrate the new St. Agatha's, Bishop Randall Davidson, felt himself made responsible for what Bishop Thorold had thought 'very ugly'. He refused—the Irishman flared out in Dolling: he insisted and resigned rather than give in. But it was perhaps a good thing that he left Landport when the Church was consecrated. It brought him to London. He gained the pulpits of the West End. He preached through America. He lost the jolly life with Winchester and his beloved soldiers and sailors. Poplar was a cold atmosphere after Landport. He loved his children there and his work for them. But after a time he wore out under the strain of crying in the wilderness and died surrounded by multitudes who wept, but whom he had touched with less personal pleasure than of old. But he gained his point about the All Souls altar. He was not allowed to erect it in memory of Harry Ross in the new St. Agatha's, but we have erected it since in memory of Lord Kitchener in St. Paul's Cathedral.

PREBENDARY H. F. B. MACKAY

### *Preliminaries to a Japanese Tea-party*

WHEN I ARRIVED AT THE house of entertainment I removed my shoes, for in Japan it is considered filthy to take into a house the same shoes that are worn in the open streets. At the 'shoe-off' porch of every house you find a row of heelless slippers. Taking the first pair I followed a servant into the little house and went flip-flap up the stairs to the 'Zashiki', or guest-room. I noticed the other guests had left their slippers at the entrance, so I discarded mine and walked across the rush mat floor in my socks. The party was assembled on the outer verandah, seated on very low stools. After a lot of bowing I sat down and immediately a Japanese girl glided before me with a tiny lacquered wood cup containing iced tea. An Englishman who had lived thirty years in Japan and had a Japanese wife whispered in my ear, 'If you're invited to have a bath and you don't want to, it will not be considered rude if you say the weather is too

hot'. Imagine my alarm! Here was I at a dinner party suddenly warned about having a bath! Next moment my host, Mr. Yoshida, was bowing before me. Would I do him the honour of taking a bath with him? I said I should be honourably pleased to do so. Now, Mr. Yoshida was a very charming Japanese gentleman with whom I'd transacted business and who had shown me more than common courtesy—and remember in the East common courtesy is something more than Western politeness. We walked across the room, Yoshida pushed aside one of the paper panels that make the wall of the room, and we entered another apartment which was without furniture of any kind. My companion threw off his jacket, for he was wearing Western clothes, and dropped it on the mat floor in one corner. The Japanese 'live' on the floor, and the rush mats, like everything else in their houses, are scrupulously clean. 'Here we undress', said Mr. Yoshida. I began to follow his example until suddenly the paper 'wall' in front of me slid aside and a Japanese woman appeared. She carried two cotton kimonos of the kind men wear. As she held them out, one in each arm, ready for us to put on, she chatted away to Yoshida, who continued to undress. I watched him and tried to keep one stage behind. At last I asked, 'How far do we undress?' 'Oh', he replied, 'do you wear a vest?—well, keep that on!' The bathroom was downstairs, a large room with a tiled floor, the bath being a square tank sunk in one corner.

In Japan everyone uses the same bath water, the tank only being emptied after a number of persons have used it. So it's rather surprising to find that the Japanese consider our method of taking a bath rather disgusting. They say we take dirt *into* the bath for the next comer. They point out that it's really difficult to clean the surface of a bath thoroughly. Now, in Japan you first squat on the tiled floor *outside* the bath and ladle hot water over your body with a saucepan-like dipper. When you're thoroughly clean with soap and water, you then get *into* the bath. When we'd washed, Mr. Yoshida and I entered the bath together and sat side by side on a seat like a tramcar seat below the surface of the water. The water of a Japanese bath is always hot—considerably hotter than we are accustomed to. After a while my companion said, 'In England you dress for dinner, in Japan we undress. Let us get dried and go upstairs'. Clad only in a vest and a kimono and with bare feet I followed my friend back to the guest-room.

BERNARD MARTIN

## *The German Scene*

(Continued from page 184)

removal, in fact, of all those elements which do not subscribe to all the dogmas of racial socialism or social racialism. They believe their leaders were seduced by the temptation with which capitalism so sedulously beset them, and they demand a renewal of the heresy hunt against carpers and critics.

Quite a different feeling is to be found in my second group of older people who, up to now, were content to remain passive spectators. Among them a new slogan is passing from lip to lip: 'It is not always the Party member or the young man who is the best Nazi'. They have not forgotten that a fortnight before the plot von Papen had voiced some criticism, only to be met with a torrent of abuse from the Party, and they now observe with quiet satisfaction that he and Schmidt, the Conservative Minister of Industry, are still at their posts, and, what is more, that Schmidt has dismissed the Radical leader of industry, Kessler, and himself become almost economic dictator.

Nor is it only foreign opinion which needs reassurance about the methods employed by the Party and the S.S. for the suppression of the conspiracy. Many Germans feel that if the Leadership Principle can produce in a year-and-a-half a state of affairs in which such violent remedies were necessary, then the Leadership Principle itself must be drastically modified. Leaders, after all, are only human, and they cannot be allowed irresponsible control of the money and lives of their fellow-citizens.

There is, in fact, on the one hand an unexpressed demand that the vast Party organisation—necessary enough during the struggle for power—should now be reduced in size and brought once and for all under the control of the State. This problem, indeed, has been latent for months, and the death of Roehm and his associates has not solved it. On the other hand there is a sense of liberation—in spirit, if not in fact—from the tyranny of a youthful dogmatism unrelieved by youth's redeeming quality of spontaneity. Protestants and Catholics, business men and professors, are all daring to press their claims that there are certain spheres of life in which, perhaps, youth and a memory for phrases are not the only qualifications for office. What is more, this feeling is

even beginning to awaken doubts amongst the men themselves. A year and a half of marching and propaganda has aroused in many a desire to get back to work: in the Universities there are actually some small signs of an interest in things academic.

But the Party machine is so indissolubly connected with the idea of National Socialism that impatience with one often brings with it the rejection of the other. Young men to whom a few years ago military dictatorship meant tyranny now wonder if it might not be better than the domination of the Party boss, and this vague discontent is naturally fostered by the Industrialists and the Capitalists to whom the social and academic ideals of National Socialism were anything but welcome.

On the one hand the forces of reaction, and on the other the Party machine. Between this Scylla and Charybdis German youth has no easy course to steer. The one hope for youth is the passionate desire for social reform which still inspires him. Let us hope it won't be killed by his disillusionment with certain doubtful wares which strident salesmen have too often assured him were the genuine article.

To return to Hitler's speech: there is no doubt of its significance. It was the final condemnation of the Second Revolution—the final blessing upon the independence of the Reichswehr. For the moment Germany has preferred State authority which smacks of elderly Capitalism to callow Party dictatorship. But the situation remains extremely critical, for the Radicals still retain control of the machinery of propaganda and of education. The reins are held only by the personality of one man and the uncritical idealism of middle-class youth. The real issue hinges upon one single question: What sort of a clean-up—for the events of June 30 were a mere beginning—what sort of a clean-up will the S.A., the Party and the Cabinet undergo? It looks as if Hitler has to reconcile two irreconcilables, and it is the widespread belief that he will be able to do so that gives Hitler his power. 'I believe because it is impossible'—that much, at least, of the Leadership Principle is alive in Germany today.



## Gardening

## Sentiment in the Garden

By JASON HILL

THE associations of a book, which vary in interest from those of a great work annotated by its author to a Ready-Reckoner used by Keats, enhance its value to the bibliophile, but the gardener seems to feel that it is trivial, if not, indeed, rather sentimental, to value a plant for anything but its own intrinsic merits, and if a plant is described by the nurseryman as 'a favourite flower of Queen Elizabeth' or as having been collected on Mount Everest, this is usually more as a compensation for a lack of obvious merit than as a recommendation in itself; it is therefore very unlikely that we shall ever find a section in our plant catalogues devoted to 'association items'. But it is impossible to judge a plant—or, indeed, anything else—quite dispassionately, and I think that we lose something if we ignore the associations which many good garden plants have acquired.

The plants most worth regarding in this connection are perhaps those which have been associated with some cult or worship, for they must possess some strong individual quality to have been singled out in this way. The Iris, for example, seems always to have stirred the imagination, probably because of its three-fold design (rare in flowers) which gives it the form of a sceptre or mace-head, and it would be a pity if this striking character were to be obscured in the present intensive development of the flower—but there is but little risk of this, for in the modern cult of the Iris one may fancy that something of the old tradition persists in the fundamental good taste of the raisers of the Bearded Iris, who have kept the flower deliberately to its natural form and have sent all freaks and doubles to the bonfire.

In Serbia, *Iris pallida* is called Perunitsa, the 'Flower of Perun', and the name must be the last link with that old thunder god, unless the peasants in some remote Lithuanian forest still dance to his honour under the oak trees. The plant is said to protect houses from lightning, but in one village I was told that it was a dangerous plant, apt to attract the lightning flash, a theory that might have a slight rational foundation in the possible 'point action' of a clump of its spear-shaped leaves on the roof, though it sounds a little like a counteractive to pagan practices.

The garden Iris which puts us most closely in touch with antiquity is, I think, Kharput, for, although its home is in Asia Minor, it is naturalised round old ruins in Kashmir and, as Mr. Dykes pointed out, it was almost certainly brought to India by early invaders from the West, such as Alexander the Great. It may have been as a cult plant or for the sake of its orris root that it was carried so far, or simply because the

Bearded Iris is one of the most transportable of garden plants as well as one of the handsomest.

The Lilies of France, the Fleurs de Lys, were almost certainly our native *Iris pseudacorus*, for their heraldic colour is gold on a green field, and the most plausible legend to account for them relates that a Merovingian king, finding himself hemmed in with his army between a broad river and an overwhelming force of the enemy, escaped across an unexpected ford, which was revealed in the dusk by the yellow irises growing out into the shallow water. He carried the Iris in his coat of arms thereafter, presumably on the sensible grounds that a successful retreat was as worthy of commemoration as a striking victory. This Iris is also, I think, the lost yellow Gladiolus of the Middle Ages, since in mediæval Latin the Iris was sometimes called gladiolus, a usage which survives in 'gladwin' or 'gladdon', dialect names for *Iris pseudacorus*.

Our native Pasque Flower, *Anemone Pulsatilla*, is a plant to stir the imagination, when you come upon its purple flowers, silvered without and enclosing a great tassel of golden stamens, glowing on the bare downs as yet hardly touched by spring. In this country it is found most often near Roman sites, and the country people used to call it Dane's Blood, saying that it grew only where blood had been spilled; and it may be that its use as a hæmostatic, even in official medicine, is influenced by its old association with blood, for the pharmacologists are unwilling to give it credit for any particular medicinal virtues. It may have been introduced into this country by the Romans as a dye plant (though the botanists consider it to be a true native), and it may have been called the Pasque Flower because it was used to colour the Pasque or Easter Eggs; but it flowers about the time of the vernal equinox and it is tempting to think that it may have been associated with Eostra, the dawn goddess, before it was used to decorate the altars on Easter Sunday and became linked with a later resurrection.

A richly-coloured variety of *Anemone Pulsatilla*, known as *var. Farreri*, has a further romantic association, for it was discovered by Mr. Farrer among

the tombs of the Ming Emperors; this and other good forms are well worth growing in the border for cutting in early Spring—I have seen them in a London florist's window labelled 'a lucky flower'.

The Mistletoe is the most obvious example of a cult plant, and it is not surprising that magic should be attributed to this strange parasite, which looks more like a tangle of seaweed hung with pearls than a wood-shrub. Ours is not the



Garden Iris

Drawing by John Nash



only magic Mistletoe, for the Golden Bough, which served Æneas as a passport to the underworld and back, was probably the Mistletoe with orange berries which grows on the Holm Oaks in Italy; and there is an even stranger Mistletoe in Tasmania, whose petals fall in a crimson shower as the buds open.

The last cult plant is a spurious item, for though *Meum athamanticum* is popularly supposed to owe its name, Bald Money (it came to my garden under the even odder one of Bawd's Penny), to its ancient association with Balder the Beautiful, this derivation is dismissed by the New English Dictionary as 'a baseless conjecture'. It is an unassuming little plant, rather like a small inferior Fennel with leaves that taste vaguely of celery and flowers like Cow Parsley, and, with this lack of originality, one cannot help feeling that it is of more interest to the philologist than the gardener. Those who would like to have something authentic of Balder about them must fall back on the common Chamomile, which is still called Balder's Brae in some remote parts of Scotland, in allusion to the shining brows of Balder the White.

There are several cult plants which are not for our gardens: Haoma, the life-giving plant of the Zoroastrians, is lost in antiquity, unless it is awaiting rediscovery on some remote Persian mountain; the Lotus of the Buddha (*Nelumbium speciosum*) and the Lotus of Egypt (the blue *Nymphaea stellata*) have the magic of pure beauty, but will not endure our climate, nor will the Mandrake, which comes from Sicily, though we need not regret it very much, for it is a sullen, sinister-looking plant with the air of an exposed impostor. There remain, however, plants of personal association, such as the Horseleek (*Sempervivum soboliferum*) which Linnaeus planted on the wall of the botanic garden at Upsala, and which is still throwing off its rosettes in the form of conveniently portable little balls, as though it had been put there to provide mementos for botanists. The plant which Linnaeus named after himself, *Linnaea borealis*, is less facile, for it is not very easy to grow in the South, where it must have a perpetually cool corner with plenty of leaf-mould if we are to see its delicate pink bells for more than one summer. Linnaeus had

intended at first to name it after his patron Professor Rudbeck, for he refers to it as Rudbeckia in the journal of his Lapland Exhibition, and most of us will think that he did well to change his mind, for *Linnaea borealis* remains unique, the only member of its genus (*Linnaea Canadensis* is merely a rather more hearty form from the other side of the Arctic circle), and Rudbeck, no doubt, was well pleased with the large genus of showy North American composites, which was presented to him on his birthday.

The garden is not without its Napoleonic items. One of them is genuine, for several Weeping Willows in this country were raised from slips taken from the tree which overhung the tomb at St. Helena, but it is very doubtful whether the St. Helena Violet ever accompanied Napoleon into exile; at most it might have some sentimental association with Elba, from which he returned '*avec les violettes*'; but it is a pretty little thing, with pale bluish flowers and a fresh light scent that matches their colour.

Those gardeners whose ancestors came over with the Conqueror ought to grow the plants that he brought with him, which are the Wild Carnation (*Dianthus caryophyllus*), the Yellow Wallflower and the Ivy-leaved Toad Flax. The first two have been altered almost out of recognition, though the old people in our village still distinguish the simple Yellow Wallflowers as 'Jellies', in which we hear the last of the old French *Garofle*, completely naturalised at last and dying out rather ignominiously; but the Ivy-leaved Toad Flax is unaltered and still clings to almost every Norman building, so that although it escapes (but is more often thrown out) from gardens, yet its presence on a wall very often indicates that there is some Norman architecture in the neighbourhood; it grows round St. Peter's in the East at Oxford and I have found it as far North as Abbeytown on the Solway Firth.

There are many other plants with associations of every kind, from Herb Moly, Spikenard and Queen Elizabeth's White Lavender to the plant named (and ill-named) after a delinquent botanist and the Blue Pea discovered by Lord Anson's cook; but, as already hinted, sober-minded gardeners won't pay ninepence for such kickshaws.

## Photographic Competition

THE THIRD SECTION OF THE COMPETITION—Architectural and Archaeological photography—brought us, as far as architecture was concerned, a much more interesting and encouraging collection of photographs than did the two previous ones. Architecture, however, by its essential stability and immutability probably offers the easiest target for the photographer provided he has time and patience, and he is thus all the more in need of the seeing and imaginative eye if his work is to rise above the average of technically adequate photographs to the position of an outstanding artistic production. All the same, a photograph, if classed as 'architectural' should retain in full its architectural meaning and not devolve into an abstract pattern, as can easily happen where 'angle' photography is exaggerated. Many examples of the excellent straightforward photograph and a few of the 'abstract pattern' kind were submitted, while quite a satisfactory number of entries steered a middle course between these two extremes. The most successful of these was 'Interior' by Miss Heddenhausen (of Berlin)—a photograph in which architectural forms combined with clever lighting are worked into a beautiful composition which is also a perfectly direct representation of architecture. This wins the prize of Ten Guineas.

The Archaeological entries were disappointing in number and quality and it may not be amiss to point out here that photography of this nature is a very fruitful and practically untouched field. It is true that excellent photographs of the more important discoveries in the Near East and India are usually available, but equally good photographs of Roman or Prehistoric remains in this country are simply non-existent. There are many reasons (some of them good) for this, but let it not be said that lack of enterprise on the part of our photographers is one of them.

The photograph of the Birkenhead Public Library reproduced on page 200 was submitted by C. Stewart Chaplin.

### Night Photography

This subject should reach THE LISTENER office by August 3, and the prize-winning photograph will be published in our issue of August 15. The rules of the competition are as follows:

1. The competition will end on August 31.
2. A different subject is set for each week and entries should reach THE LISTENER office between the Monday and Friday of that week (inclusive). The prize-winning photograph in each subject group will be published on the Wednesday week following the closing date for that group. Entries submitted at any

time other than during the week for which they are intended will not be considered.

3. A prize of Ten Guineas is offered for the best photograph in each group. The Editor reserves the right to reproduce non-prize-winning photographs at the following rates:

Whole page	Two Guineas
Half-page	One-and-a-half Guineas
Minimum	One Guinea

The above sums, as also the prize-money, will purchase the first British rights of reproduction.

4. Prints submitted must not be less than 6 ins. by 8 ins. and not more than 10 ins. by 12 ins. in size, and competitors are asked to send their prints unmounted.

5. Each photograph must be marked clearly on the back with the name and address of the sender, the title of the photograph and the group for which it is submitted.

6. No photograph may be entered for the competition which has previously been published elsewhere.

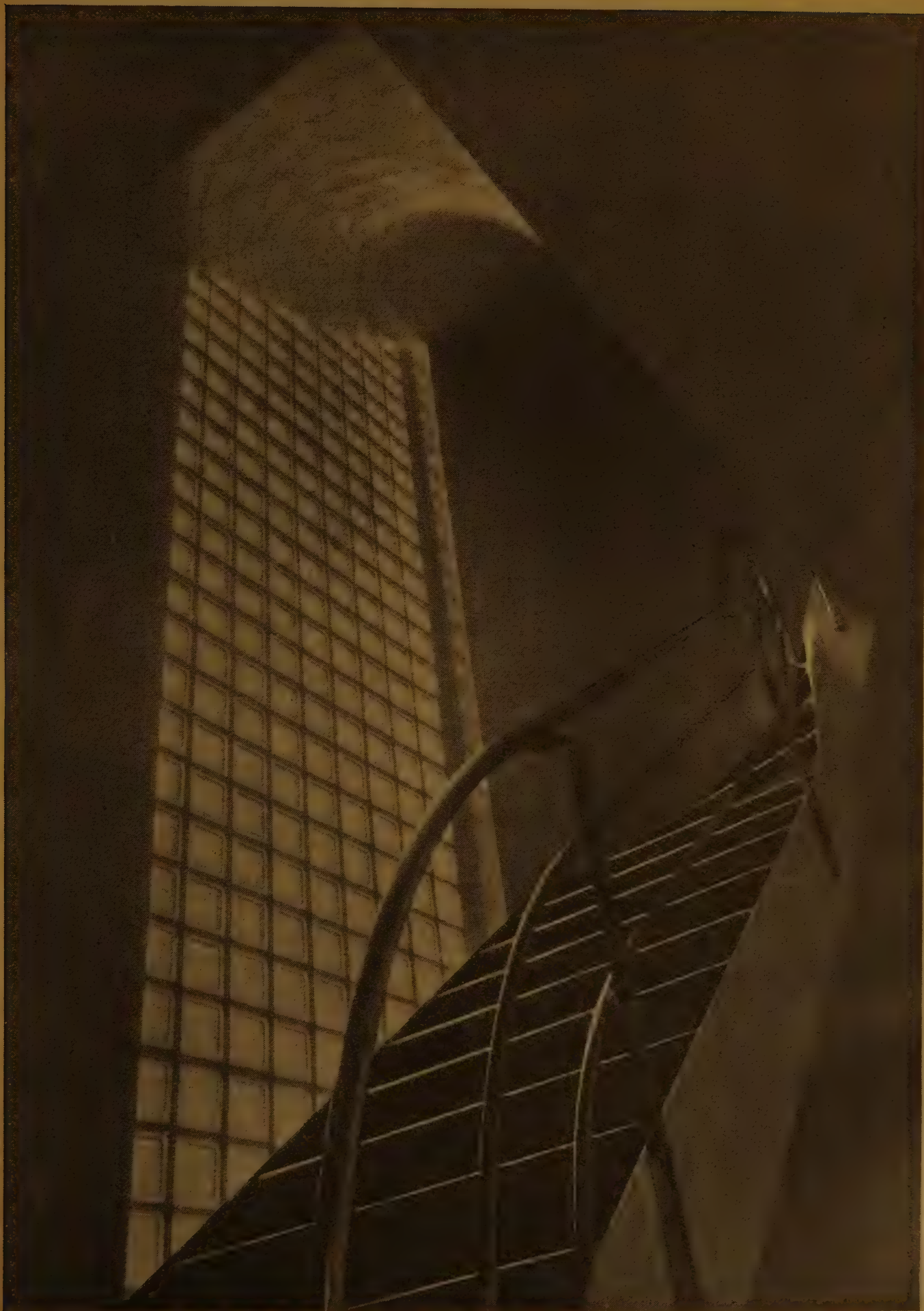
7. Prints will not be returned to the owners unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope of appropriate size.

8. The decision of the Editor is final, and no correspondence can be entered into with regard to his judgment.

9. Parcels or envelopes containing entries must be marked 'LISTENER Photographic Competition', and the Editor cannot accept responsibility for photographs lost in transit.

Subjects for future weeks	Sending-in dates	Publication of prize-winning photograph
6. Industry	Aug. 6-10	Aug. 22
7. Abstract composition in which lighting and/or arrangement of objects is the main interest	" 13-17	" 29
8. Scientific to include, as well as all ordinary scientific subjects, microphotography (photography of microscopic objects on a magnified scale) and X-ray photography	" 20-24	Sept. 5
9. Wireless to include photographs of any aspect of this subject.	" 27-31	" 12





Interior, by E. M. Heddenhausen



## Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*

### The Royal Academy

The moderate tone of Mr. Lamb's article on 'What the Royal Academy Stands For' in your issue of July 18 seems to me a mistake from his point of view. British art, he writes, is showing its vitality today by a number of diverse movements which ignore what he calls 'accepted standards and the guidance of experience'. So much for the vitality of modern art. He does not claim it for the Academy. On the other hand, one great duty of the Royal Academy is, according to Mr. Lamb, 'To keep the main body of art alive through regular intercourse with the perceptions and feelings of ordinary people who must be familiar with normal forms before they can appreciate the strange fruits of experiment'. The politic language of temporisation always sounds grotesque in any matter of art for the emotions inspiring such sentiments are as far away as can be from any feeling that is æsthetic.

Struck by Mr. Lamb's words, I paid a visit, or rather, paid for a visit, to the Academy's exhibition. And what did I see, apart from a few extraneous works of merit? Painful attempts, vulgar attempts, misguided attempts, to impose *some* vitality on outworn modes by the introduction of reminiscences Romanesque, Gothic, Byzantine: Primitive, Renaissance, Baroque, Impressionist, 'Modern': sentimental, morbid, 'comfortable', 'important'. Still worse, there were at least two pictures whose appeal, whose vitality if you like, was unseemly. That is to say, the artists had conveyed nothing of *their* feelings about the nudes they had depicted. The pictures were just of nudity: the mere fact of the nudity was the only striking fact presented to the spectator. This kind of thing tends to be a feature of all academic exhibitions. I myself have no objection on moral grounds. But I consider it highly debatable whether the stimulus so genteely provided by works of this kind helps to educate the taste of the public in æsthetic matters. And should one suspect that, under the cloak of Art twisted to serve as a garment of respectability, such pictures were almost entirely inspired by the likelihood of their popularity and consequent sale, condemnation will need to be expressed in stronger terms.

London, W.2

ADRIAN STOKES

Mr. Lamb's article in THE LISTENER of July 18 constitutes an admirable survey of the aims and activities of the Royal Academy, both present and past. But it does not succeed in justifying the way in which those aims, however admirable they may be, are carried out today. A casual glance at the pictures selected under the terms of the Chantrey bequest by Academicians for the galleries of the nation serves as proof of how far the activities fall short of the aims. In addition there are certain points in Mr. Lamb's article which call for comment, since, in his last paragraph, he invites it. Not the least important of the aims of the Academy is, as Mr. Lamb points out, the education of the general public. The exhibitions are, in his words, 'intended for the unsophisticated visitor who hopes to apprehend readily what he sees and to cultivate a personal taste in contemporary work'.

To exhibit for the unsophisticated is an admirable aim—yet unless such exhibitions try to help the unsophisticated's appreciation by offering him a new point of view and a new and invigorating outlook, they are assuredly at fault. They are at fault, too, if they are not interesting to all, with the exception of the most convinced philistine, and they are equally at fault if they do not present a fair proportion of work which is in every sense contemporary, even though it may seem to some at first sight over-vigorous or even unpleasant.

It is, I think, a fact generally accepted, both by those who admire the Academy and by those who deplore its activities, that progressive contemporary work is conspicuous by its absence in the exhibitions. Mr. Lamb himself admits this, and he says with pride that the Academicians retire at the age of 75. Even classicists at the older universities are considered to be out of touch with more recent research, and reach retiring age, at 60. If this is the case with such static subjects as Latin and Greek literature, surely those concerned with contemporary art, which is for ever seething, selecting, changing and adopting

or throwing aside the result of experiments, should be considered to be out of touch with modern activities at a much earlier age.

It is equally obvious that the Academy exhibitions are in no way affairs which are seething with interest or excitement as they should be, and undoubtedly would be, were they representative of what the general public wants—that they do not arouse that interest which, for instance, the present season of Russian Ballet is awaking at Covent Garden. Controversy of the most violent kind met the ballet on its first season in Paris; violent controversy attended the first exhibitions of the Impressionists in Paris, and practically all the great masters of earlier date had to pioneer their paths and combat established opinion. It is, as time has proved again and again, impossible to create works of living interest and importance by following the dictates of established opinion; to discern which works are of importance it is essential constantly to adopt new criteria and new standards; it is essential above all to take risks at times. And the Academy, here again on Mr. Lamb's own showing, never takes risks. It is owing to this lack of a spirit of adventure—that spirit which we see behind all great painting or sculpture, that same spirit which drove Miss Freya Stark to the Valleys of the Assassins—that the Academy remains so completely out of touch with any of the events of importance in the modern art world; or for that matter, even in the ancient, for a short time ago we read of a learned and distinguished Academician wanting to pull down Carlton House Terrace. Academy pictures sometimes please the gentle-minded because they present us again with a mirror of something that we knew before and that we were fond of; but more than that they do not, and cannot do. Such pictures cannot hope to educate. In fact, they do the very opposite, for they pander to the mental idleness of those who have achieved something, indeed, but who are too old, too idle, or too unadventurous to pursue the path of understanding or accomplishment.

Foss Bridge

D. TALBOT RICE

### Musical Compositions and Interpretations

As one who is anxious for the progress of art I always read Dr. Grace with interest, but his latest article makes me feel like the parson who prayed for rain and received a flood. 'Lord', cried the parson, 'this is clean ridiculous!' Surely to expect the perfect interpretation of the perfect composition for the perfect listener is to expect the impossible, or something near it. This perfection must be as rare as the right girl, the right place, and the right mood: even then a state of bliss might not follow. The world would look in later, and to demand perfection in order to dodge the world for a few minutes suggests a niceness of temperament which would be sublime if it wasn't unimaginative. Perhaps, though, we're not after happiness, but truth. Here again we're up a tree. If the composer is truth hardly anybody could agree about what he (the composer) meant, especially if the position of, say, a slur were of first-class importance. In the Beethoven violin concerto I have heard one part of a bar played as one note, two notes, and as a triplet. Which of these is a lie? Who cares! I lived on happy terms with the concerto and didn't care a damn about a little white lie. Human fallibility is not always repulsive; if the ghost of Beethoven had arrived to sneer at my naivety I should have screamed from under the sofa: 'Minuet in G!' Occasionally I have read a score 'with' a solo violinist, and only seldom has the bowing instructions and note value been faithfully observed, at least according to my score. Why should anyone feel hurt about this? If 'perfection' were insisted upon it would mean the end of transcriptions. I have two transcriptions for violin of a well-known bourrée for solo 'cello by Bach. Each one is different in bowing and, slightly, in notation. These are apparently not the only contradictions, for I have heard this dance played through in a smooth legato manner by a 'cellist, whilst a violinist I listened to gave nearly every note a good clout. But whatever music the composer wrote is interpreted according to contemporary mannerisms—grimness and a mania for fast tempo are the modern ones, perhaps. These may have been called distortions by the Victorians, as we call



exaggerated rubato and slow persistent vibrato a sickening form of affectation. Still, purism in art is important; it keeps the hypersensitive from mucking about with life as 'scientific' welfare workers.

West Wickham CHARLES OXFORD

What Lies Behind Clairvoyance?

In his excellent review of J. B. Rhine's *Extra-Sensory Perception*, Dr. A. S. Russell omits to emphasise the greatest phenomenon revealed by the book. Whereas for many years psychists have been scouring the world for first-class percipients, and failing to find them, Dr. Rhine discovered a batch of them in his own university—even among his own students. I think this is truly remarkable.

London, S.W.7 HARRY PRICE,  
Honorary Secretary  
University of London Council for Psychical Investigation

School Dramatic Productions

I read with interest the paragraph in THE LISTENER of July 11 on the production of plays at schools, and sincerely endorse the view that these productions should rely on the particular qualities which a school performance can possess, and should not attempt to approximate too closely to the professional stage.

Perhaps I might mention that in our annual productions of Shakespeare, to which the London Press have been good enough to give appreciative notice, we have taken great pains, and shall continue to do so, to follow the lines which you approve. We put into practice last year in our production of 'Hamlet' some interesting new theories which Professor Dover Wilson had just published with regard to that play, and this year in our production of 'King Lear' we were most grateful for the help which we derived both from Mr. Granville Barker's published work on the play, and from the personal interest which he took in our work; but we never deviate from the policy of making the cast one of schoolboy actors, believing as we do that boys produced under discipline are specially fitted to revive the tradition of poetic drama in England, which died in the seventeenth century with the disappearance from the stage of the boy actor.

Chelsea, S.W.10 GUY BOAS,  
Headmaster, Sloane School

Should Our Spelling be Simplified?

If we want a Simplified Spelling, let us have one and make its use generally compulsory, with Professor Lloyd James' academy the compelling force. If, however, we want to preserve the history of our language as we see it continually before us in the words we use, then let us continue as we are. Spelling ceased to be a question of phonetics with the invention of printing, but remained, with comparatively few alterations, a record of not only linguistic but of social history also. The simplification of spelling depends upon what the majority decide to be most useful and not unnecessary, since æsthetic pleasure is a question of training and habit.

Prestfelde, Shrewsbury G. KENDAL DOVEY

Mr. Faber, in his discussion with Professor Lloyd James, called attention to the danger which the English language would incur by becoming international. He overlooked the doom which, from the same cause, would overtake the English people. He quotes the decay of Latin as a result of its general adoption in the western world. But what became of the Romans, let alone their language? They vanished owing to interfusion with peoples using Latin as a common means of communication. Language is the strongest cohesive of nationality. If language frontiers go, national frontiers go with them. One can observe already how American-English is influencing that of the Mother Country.

The danger is already upon us, and our only hope of safety lies in the general adoption of a non-English, preferably non-national auxiliary language, of which several have been offered to the world. This would not only save our nation from the fate which overtook the Romans but would leave us free to do as we please about reforming our spelling without having to consider the dear neighbours, and would thus perhaps go far to satisfy both debaters.

Bath C. ASHMORE BAKER

Test Cricket on Brighton Front

In your issue dated June 20 on page 1029 you pass comments on the Nottingham Test Match being telephoned stroke by stroke to Australia. It may interest people generally to know that this was done at Brighton by means of an oval green board with white boundary lines, the wickets were represented by a red and yellow disc. On the start of play the ball would move up from the boundary to the wicket, and an indicator would show you who was bowling.



The ball would be bowled and onlookers could then follow the ball exactly as it was hit.

- (1) Hit to point—fielded by No. 6.
- (2) No hit—returned by wicket keeper.
- (3) Boundary to long-on.
- (4) Hit to leg for 2.
- (5) Hit to mid-off—fielded by No. 4.
- (6) Hit to leg boundary.

Over, down goes the ball to the boundary and travels along the field and up to the other wicket and so on.

This representation of Test Cricket on Brighton front in fine weather was ideal, and was well rewarded, for the front was covered with deck chairs at 2d. each. I should think that about 5,000 people watched and that the enterprise reaped a good reward, for the outlay is not great, one man at the Nottingham telephone and some operators registering the indicators (invisible to the spectators).

This exhibition was quite silent and might have been elaborated by a loudspeaker, but it pleased the spectators as it was. On returning home I mystified a young cricket fan by giving him details of the game long before the papers had them.

Practical Research in Economics

Many readers of 'Solving the Economic Problem in Wales' will at once agree with Professor Daniel's remark to Mr. Griffith that 'The world order you describe . . . is not one likely to be realised in any period of time foreseeable by any of us', so they will be repelled by the idea of world-planning.

Therefore, I suggest that definite steps should be taken, with government assistance, if possible, to educate public opinion.

In each of the three or four Depressed Areas let an expert economist and staff carry out his own particular ideal of reconstruction in finance and social economics; so that Great Britain and the world may watch these small scale experiments, and the public will understand how a 'constant' distribution of money ensures a higher standard of life.

The American experiment has suffered by its vastness, because those responsible for carrying it out (states, officials of districts and towns, producers and workers) have not been able to do so, through sheer inability to understand.

Every great constructive piece of engineering relies not only on its theory, but on practical experiments with models; and so far the public has not been able to see the experimental practical work of economists; that is why governments ignore their advice.

Highgate A. M. TALBOT

Seeds and Weeds

In the first broadcast on 'Our Bill', Mr. Frederick H. Grisewood says "One year's weeds mean seven years' seeds" is a saying in our part of the world—the Cotswolds. As I remember this saying in the Midlands many years ago, it was given the other way about, thus—"One year's seeding, seven years' weeding". I wonder what the other various versions may be from north, south, east, and west? It is likely that the proverb is known throughout the land.

Woodford GEORGE EASTGATE



## Short Story

## Ace High

By PETER FLEMING

**T**HIS story begins in Guatemala. To be exact, it begins on the aerodrome outside the capital of Guatemala, and it begins very early in the morning, because in those days—it was about five years ago—the air mail for Mexico used to take off as soon as it got light.

The air mail, which is run by an American company, carries passengers. On this particular morning there were eleven of us. We stood meekly in the Customs shed, next door to the hangar, watching our suitcases being weighed by two small, suspicious men in straw hats. There was a heavy Christmas mail going north, and no one was allowed to take more than the minimum weight of luggage.

There was one other Englishman among the passengers, and naturally I noticed him at once. As a matter of fact, he was a very noticeable person. He was tall, and bronzed, and handsome. He had blue eyes and broad shoulders, and he was smoking a pipe. One cheek was furrowed by an intriguing scar. His suitcase was plastered with a galaxy of labels, all very exotic. He was a striking figure.

But striking in a very conventional way. That was the curious thing about him. It may sound far-fetched, but he conformed so aggressively to type that he seemed really rather an oddity. The trouble was that he was so *exactly* like the hero of almost any story in a magazine; he was too good to be true. And on top of it all—on top of his blue eyes, and his hatchet face, and his clean limbs—it turned out that his name was Carruthers. That made it harder than ever to believe that he was a real person, because the heroes in the magazine stories that I had read had practically all been called Carruthers.

You know how difficult it sometimes is to decide whether a man is genuine or whether he's acting a part—putting it all on? Well, it was particularly difficult with Carruthers, because if he was acting he was so awfully well cast that you couldn't see how much was sham and how much wasn't. I asked him what he'd been doing in Guatemala, and he said in an off hand way, Oh, he'd been up-country, living with the Indians and doing a bit of exploring. 'Amazing people, those Mayan Indians', he said, and a sort of far-away look came into his eyes which gave you to understand that he'd probed the innermost secrets of their civilisation.

And where was he going now? Carruthers wasn't sure. Mexico City for a bit; then probably south again to Yucatan. 'I don't seem to be able to sleep under a roof for long', he said with an apologetic laugh.

He didn't boast. He wasn't a bit flamboyant. He got all his effects by understatement; it was the things he left unsaid that were meant to impress you. I say 'meant to' because I made up my mind almost at once that Carruthers was a fraud. I couldn't help feeling that perhaps I was being unfair to him—that it was wrong to condemn a large, laconic man simply because he approximated so nearly to the strong silent heroes of fiction. Everybody, after all, is acting a part most of the time, and it seemed a little hard that Carruthers should forfeit one's confidence simply because his part was rather more dramatic and conspicuous than most.

Still, there it was. I put down Carruthers as a sham. In the course of the next twenty-four hours I changed my mind about him twice.

Flying as a passenger in a big plane usually seems to me rather dull. The world is reduced to a large, accurate relief map and its inhabitants to small and uninteresting specks. But the flight from Guatemala up to Mexico is far from boring. Most of the way you skirt a big range of mountains. A lot of them are volcanoes, with dense jungle climbing up their shoulders and clouds of smoke oozing out of the peaks. You go quite close to them, and far away on your left you can see the blue Pacific. As we roared through the sunlit air I felt very cheerful and mellow and decided that Carruthers ought to be given the benefit of the doubt.

An hour after we had started we were circling down to the landing field on the Mexican border. 'Field' was a courtesy

title. There was nothing but a dun rectangle of baked earth cut out of the heart of the jungle.

It's always a queer feeling when you land, and the engines are stopped. The silence is as sudden and as startling in its effect as a blow in the face. But this time there was something besides the silence which made the atmosphere seem odd. You couldn't have defined it, except in the light of what happened afterwards; you couldn't have said that there was disaster in the air. But I knew, and everybody knew, that there was something wrong.

Nobody had come out to meet us. The Customs shed, where our luggage had to be examined, stood at the far end of the clearing. Above it the red, white and green flag of Mexico flapped listlessly. There were no signs of life at all.

Carruthers and I and the two pilots began to walk towards the shed. The buildings seemed suddenly a long way away. It was very hot.

The shed was empty. But next door there was a hut where the four men in charge of the frontier post lived. They were two soldiers and two Customs officials. When we went into the hut we found out what had happened. Indians had poisoned the water-tank. One soldier was dead; the two officials were delirious. The other soldier explained the situation in the intervals of being sick.

It was of course a terrible thing, but at first I couldn't understand why the pilots seemed to be taking it so much to heart. There was an American doctor on board—a fat, cheerful little man from Louisiana—and while he and I and Carruthers did what we could for the sick men, the pilots conferred together in low voices. I remember wondering what they were so upset about.

Ten minutes later I knew. All the passengers were summoned into the Customs shed. We stood round a long wooden table, most of us looking flustered and faintly horrified. Everyone had an uneasy feeling that the Indians who had done the poisoning were watching us from the edge of the clearing. In a slow apologetic voice the senior pilot explained the situation.

The first thing he said was that one of us had got to stay behind.

It was like this. The plane was carrying full weight already—'maybe a bit over' the pilot confessed, glancing rather guiltily at a young honeymoon couple from Guatemala City who had cajoled him into taking an extra suitcase. Now we had three sick men on our hands, in urgent need of attention. By dumping all the passengers' luggage—the mails of course were sacrosanct—we should just be able to squeeze two of them in. There was only one way to make room for the third, and that was to leave one of the passengers behind.

The pilot said it wouldn't be more than ten hours, or say eleven at the outside, before they could send back a relief plane from Vera Cruz; it was bound to arrive before dusk. And he pointed out in a reassuring way that there was really hardly any danger from the Indians. They were a lot of quitters; anyhow, and seeing that there was no loot here it was 100-1 that whoever stayed behind would be perfectly safe.

But he didn't sound very convinced of this himself, and while he was talking most of us cast furtive glances through the door behind him at the jungle on the other side of the clearing. That non-committal wall of trees had somehow acquired a very sinister air. Inside the shed there was a feeling of embarrassment: everyone was expecting a call for volunteers. Only Carruthers seemed to be entirely unmoved. His hand, as he held a match to his pipe, was almost ostentatiously steady; but I noticed that the pipe was lit already.

Meanwhile the second pilot had been sent back to the plane. Now he reappeared. He had a pack of cards in his hand. He asked us if we minded cutting for who stayed, because it seemed the fairest way. No one objected.

'O.K.' said the pilot. 'Ace high, high stays. And the ladies aren't in on this'.

Then he began to deal.

I remember the next two minutes very vividly. The casual, familiar patter of the cards on the wooden table: the scrabbling



of a rat or a lizard in the thatch above our heads: an irritating, peevish whimper which came incessantly from one of the sick men: the heat shimmering on the baked earth outside. . . .

We got one card each. Nobody spoke. The squinting coffee-planter from Costa Rica, on the dealer's right, looked at his and was visibly relieved. The dapper Jew from God knows where looked at his and let his face show nothing. The nice little doctor seemed dubious, but beamed reassuringly at his wife. The two sinister Mexicans were respectively inscrutable and overjoyed. The bald politician from Guatemala couldn't bring himself to pick up his card; he crossed himself over and over again, staring at the card as though he had been hypnotised by the baleful but well-developed lady whose bust was depicted on the back of it.

It was my turn now. A card slid across the table towards me. I felt as if I was going to be sick; it was a nasty moment. But I picked it up and it was a very low one—the six of Clubs—and the world became all of a sudden a much pleasanter place.

After me there were only the honeymoon couple and Carruthers, who was next to the dealer.

The little husband had his arm round the girl. He picked up his card with his free hand and showed it to her. Carruthers could see it too. He bit his lip. The girl began to cry, more or less silently. The husband seemed to be praying.

A card went to Carruthers—the last card. He looked at it, I noticed, without the least curiosity. Then he squared his shoulders and, catching my eye, smiled in a rather lofty and abstracted way. I wondered what he was up to.

We threw down our cards in the order they had been dealt in. They were mostly low—a three—an eight—another eight—a four—the more obviously unattractive of the Mexicans had the Knave of Clubs; everyone looked pleased, and he went rather green in the face. . . .

But his luck was in. Without a word the poor little man on my right put down the King of Hearts and began to mop up his wife's tears with the end of a cheap fur she had round her neck. The fur tickled her nose and she sneezed. It was very pathetic.

Then, suddenly, Carruthers' clear, pleasant voice broke in on that emotional scene. 'Wait a bit', he said. 'I've got the Ace of Spades. I'm for it'.

But he did not throw the card down and, as he put it in his pocket, he favoured me with what I can only describe as an other-worldly wink.

The engines roared and a great catharine wheel of dust flew up. We said goodbye to Carruthers. It was really a very moving scene. Only the honeymoon couple believed that he had actually drawn the Ace, and of the rest of us only the Jew showed more of scorn than of admiration. The Doctor's wife tried to insist on a re-deal; Carruthers wasn't to think, she said, that we didn't all appreciate how quixotic and chivalrous he had been; but she felt sure that one of those dagoes would draw the high card on a re-deal. Her husband, however, interrupted her; perhaps he had less faith than she in the race prejudice with which she credited the Gods of Chance. But he said that he was certainly proud to have met a man of Mr. Carruthers' calibre.

I waited till the others had gone on board. I felt bad about the whole thing. It was unpardonable of me to have thought of Carruthers as I had done. He had, actually, done the Big Thing, with capital letters; and I had disparaged him for looking like the sort of man who would. I felt a worm.

Was there anything I could do, in case anything—er—happened to him? Any messages, or anything?

Carruthers said No. There wasn't anybody much, he said, who—well, who cared about him. He looked excessively wistful as he said this, and once more I had that horrible, that unworthy feeling that he was acting a part.

I said, in a lame sort of way, that I was awfully sorry about the whole show.

'No need to be sorry', said Carruthers in a very manly voice. 'It's just my luck. I never had any at cards'.

Then I told him impulsively that he oughtn't to have said that he had an Ace when he hadn't.

'Oughtn't I?' said Carruthers, very gently.

I felt more of a worm than ever.

At dusk on the same day I landed for the second time in that clearing. The relief plane was full of Mexican soldiers from Vera Cruz. I had got a seat in it by saying that I was Carruthers' brother-in-law; the ties of family command a lot of respect in Latin America.

For the second time nobody came out to meet us. The lieutenant in charge lent me a revolver and we closed in on the shed in extended formation.

The Indians had been and gone. Carruthers was dead, with two bullets in his body. They had cut off his head and taken it away with them, and also, judging by the blood, some dead and wounded of their own.

We slept in the shed that night, and buried Carruthers before sunrise, on account of the flies. The grave was short as well as shallow. Poor Carruthers! They fired a ragged volley over him, partly out of respect for the dead, and partly to scare away Indians.

As we walked back to the shed for coffee the lieutenant said, 'He was a very valiant man, your brother-in-law'. I agreed. The lieutenant was a nice little man, with large unmartial eyes like a deer's. Rather shyly he handed me a packet. It contained what they had found in Carruthers' pockets. Did I think there was anything missing?

I thanked him, and opened the packet. There wasn't much in it. An empty pocket-book, with the lining torn out. A snapshot of Carruthers, very upright on a horse. Some keys and a handkerchief. His pipe. Two receipts—one from London, one from an hotel in Guatemala City. And last of all a playing card. . . .

The lieutenant was saying something, but I do not remember what it was. I was laughing. I hope he did not think I was laughing at him. The card was the Ace of Spades.

## Toril

CROWD: Another Bull! Another Bull!

Ox: You heard?

BULL: Your number's up: the people gave the word.  
Feasted on flowers, the darling of the days,  
Today I've ghastly asphodels to graze,  
Harsh sand to choke, and my own blood to swill,  
Whose dewlap loved the golden-rolling rill,  
When through the rushes, burnished like its tide,  
The lovely cirrus of my thews would slide,  
My heart flame-glazing, through the silken skin,  
Joy of its mighty furnace lit within.  
These crescent horns that scimitared the Moon,  
These eyes that were the tinder of the noon—  
All now to be cut down, and soon to trail  
A sledge of carrion at a horse's tail!

Ox: Flame in the flaming noon, I've seen you run.

The Anvil of Toledo's now your Sun,  
Whose furious aurora they unfold,  
Beyond these gates, a roaring gate of gold;  
Whose iron clangs for you, whose dawn you feel,  
The target of its burnished ray of steel.

BULL: Ox as you are, what should you know of this  
Who never neared the verge of that abyss?

Ox: Ox as I am, none better knows than I  
Who led your father's father here to die.  
Be brave, be patient, and reserve your breath.

BULL: But tell me what is blacker than this death?

Ox: My impotence.

BULL: It was your soul that spoke—  
More hideous than this martyrdom?

Ox: The Yoke!

ROY CAMPBELL



## Boswell Up to Date

Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, together with *Boswell's Journal of a Tour*, etc. Edited by George Birkbeck Hill; Revised and Enlarged Edition by L. F. Powell. Oxford University Press. 6 vols. £5 5s.\*

Reviewed by ARUNDELL ESDAILE

FOR NEARLY FIFTY YEARS Birkbeck Hill's great edition of Boswell's *Johnson*, *Life*, *Tour* and *Letters*, has been the resource of all students of that period; his text is good on the whole, his notes embody a great mass of knowledge, and his index is perhaps the best in existence. But Hill's volumes have long been out of print, and the impetus he gave has resulted in a vast edifice of new knowledge, not only about Johnson, but about his contemporaries, and most of all about Boswell himself. The Thrale papers have been amassed at Manchester and in California; and Mr. A. L. Reade has published his researches into Johnson's family. The crown of all came with the publication, now complete, of Boswell's own great collection of private diaries and other papers, which were found at Malahide Castle in Ireland, the home of his descendants. A new edition to embody all this knowledge was obviously called for, and for twelve years it has been in the hands of Mr. L. F. Powell, Librarian of the Taylor Institute at Oxford and a leading member of the Johnson Club.

The heavy labour of editing could hardly have been better done. Nine new pieces have been added to the Johnsonian canon. No conceivable evidence bearing on the many mysteries shrouding Boswell's necessarily cryptic allusions to contemporaries has been neglected by Mr. Powell. For one most ingenious and considerate device we must thank him and his publishers. The pagination of Birkbeck Hill has been retained, the new matter being added in appendices

at the end of each volume, a plan which has two advantages; first, that references to Hill's edition, to which it has been the practice for nearly half a century to refer, can be equally well found in either, and that the upper stratum of Johnsonian learning, as we may call it, that belonging to the last half-century, represented by the new edition, can be at once disentangled from the lower, that deposited in the first century after Johnson's death in 1784.

There is, for example, no iconography in Hill, but Mr. Powell gives a full one, based on personal inspection of the originals or photographs of every known portrait. To Hill's Appendix on the monuments to Johnson large additions have been made, including the curious history of the monument by John Bacon, originally planned for Westminster Abbey, but

diverted to St. Paul's, since in Reynolds' words, 'Westminster is already so stuff'd with statuary that it would be a deadly sin against taste to increase the squeeze of Tombs there'. Could he but have seen the 'squeeze of Tombs' created by the next generation! The St. Paul's monument, which John Bailey well described as resembling 'a retired gladiator meditating over a wasted life', would have been in place in it.

At every turn we find the old familiar episodes or sayings given their precise significance by some new knowledge of the

circumstances or persons. Where shall we first plunge into the delectable ocean? Under 1784 (iv. 387 n) Boswell quotes 'a poem, not without characteristic merit', satirising the supposed desire of Johnson, then aged 75, to marry the wealthy widow Thrale, which culminates in the ribald lines,

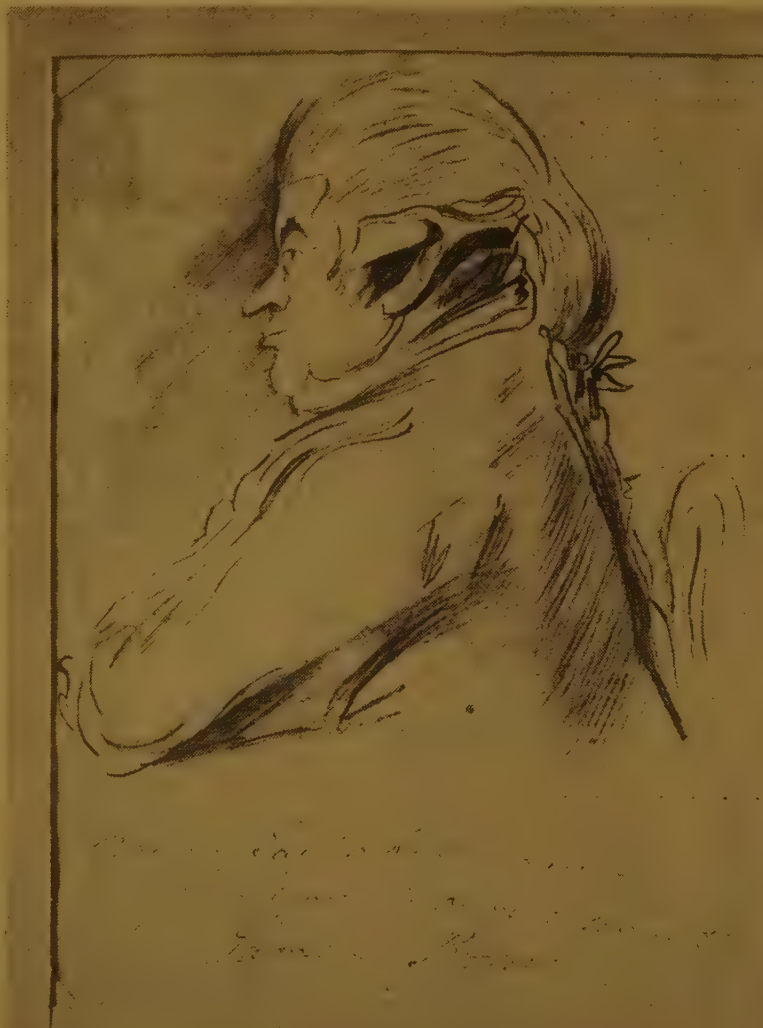
Porter no longer shall  
be praised,  
'Tis I MYSELF am  
Thrale's Entire.

When we remember that Porter was Johnson's Tetty's previous name we can see how outrageous this was. Yet it has been discovered by Professor Pottle to be by Boswell himself!

The strange history of Mrs. Thrale's infatuation for Piozzi has been debated at large of late—more perhaps than it is worth. The School of Manchester, where many of the Thrale papers are, defends her; Lord Lansdowne, who edited Johnson's letters to her eldest daughter Queenie, now at Bowood, is against her. Mr. Powell is content to set out the whole story. Perhaps more interesting (though it did not touch him so deeply) is the true and

full story of Johnson's quarrel with Macpherson, who sent first a demand for the suppression of certain injurious expressions about his 'Ossian' in the *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, and then a draft apology for Johnson to sign. He little knew his man.

Here and there, there is a slight lapse from Mr. Powell's own high standard of precision. For example, the certified copy of the death at Dover of Mrs. Veal, the story of whose appearance after death was so vividly written up by Defoe, is only casually mentioned as existing; it is inserted in the British Museum copy of the first edition of Defoe's pamphlet. Similarly Mr. Powell says (iii. 496) that a copy of Dodd's suppressed *Occasional Papers* has been found; why not be precise and say that it has been acquired by the British Museum? Again, Boswell



Drawing of Boswell by Sir Thomas Lawrence: although copies of it have been reproduced before, this is the first reproduction of the original sketch, with Boswell's signature. It is at present on view at Messrs. Bumpus, 350, Oxford Street, W.1

The Property of Harold Hartley, Esq.

\*So far only Vols. I-IV, containing the *Life*, have been published; these are available at £4 4s. Vols. V and VI, containing the *Journal of a Tour in the Hebrides*, etc., are to appear next year. The work is also obtainable in India paper—Vols. I-IV in 2 volumes, the whole in 3



in the *Life* (iv. 321) tells us that 'a little Miss on seeing a picture of Justice with the scales, had exclaimed to me, "See, there's a woman selling sweetmeats"'. Mr. Powell in a note identifies the 'little Miss' as Jeanie Campbell, Mrs. Boswell's sister's step-daughter, and refers to *Boswell Papers*, ix. 29. But in the passage of his diary (for March 22, 1772) referred to, Boswell reports Jeanie's words as 'Eh! there's a wife selling sweeties', and adds the English translation, 'i.e., there's a woman selling sweetmeats'. This is surely a very curious example of the unfamiliarity of pre-Waverley English ears with the commonest Scottish

turns of speech, and was for that reason worth quoting exactly. But what trifles are these, in such a mass of closely investigated and reasoned record of facts concerning the great figure and his circle! Our debt to Mr. Powell is not yet complete, since vols. v and vi, containing the *Journey* and the *Index*, are not to appear till next year; but we have enough to know that we are in the presence of one of the great editors. Walking in some Elysian Fleet Street, the shade of Johnson, himself the first scientific editor of an English author, must approve this product of his own University.

## Writers of America—II

# The New England Background

By GEOFFREY WEST

IT is possible that the importance of the New England background in American life and in American literature has in the past been overstressed. On the other hand, there sometimes seems today, amid the clamour of other younger voices, some danger of its being understressed. America has long owned other cultural centres, in New York, Philadelphia, Virginia, and farther south. But none of these dominated American culture so powerfully or so consecutively practically from the earliest beginnings to the end of the nineteenth century; and, more, it is arguable that it produced the first authentic (if still only potentially) American novelists—in Hawthorne and Melville—and indisputable that it gave birth, in the teachings of Emerson, Thoreau, Parker and others, to the noblest effort of the American imagination, a gospel wherein Puritan discipline and pioneer independence, purged of their harsher elements and sweetened by faith in the divine nature of man himself, coalesced to point the way to a truer democracy than any the world has yet found along other paths.

Early New England was anything but democratic. Its Puritan immigrants were drastic Calvinists, politically theocratic and in every sphere harshly intolerant. A hard seed—which fell upon stony ground! They came to the New World seeking not, as some who went southward, an earthly Paradise, but a religious refuge. They achieved it. From the cessation of the original incursion there was, from various causes, and relatively speaking, practically no further immigration into New England until just upon a hundred years ago. It was in no small degree this isolation from progressive dilution by new elements which gave it the homogeneity and traditions out of which a genuine, if narrow, culture might come.

Harsh environment gave isolation. It also played, inevitably, a more intimate part in the shaping of that culture, making a necessity of the Puritan virtue of hard labour, and adding to it that of an individual resourcefulness. The whole trend of life was individualistic. The village was the common social unit. Towns were few. Men worked their own farms and lived on the produce. For a long period life was a very local matter, with the elders and pastors of the village church as leaders of each small community. There were practically no large estates. Forced to be self-reliant in act, it was inevitable that these men should, sooner or later, develop self-reliance in thought.

## The Cult of Self-reliance

It came slowly. The hold of Calvinism, ingrained through long and desperate years, was extraordinarily strong. But gradually other influences began to creep in. Trade did increasingly develop. Shipbuilding and seafaring became coastal occupations. The Puritan gave place to the Yankee. The merchant supplanted the minister as foremost figure. Almost insensibly, the utilitarian rationalism of eighteenth-century Europe pervaded Calvinism as an unacknowledged liberalising force. Jonathan Edwards, in the second quarter of this century, was the last unbending champion of the old strictness, a great mystic who against his deeper knowledge nailed his colours to the mast of a passing theology. The sheer force of his example preserved the facade yet a little longer. Then came the Revolution, or War of Independence, and other considerations became potent. Like other revolutionists, New England, having

played its part in initiating the War, became apprehensive of the forces it had unloosed. It became strongly reactionary, barring the door against the French romantic theories, democratic and humanitarian and proclaiming the intrinsic dignity and goodness of human nature and the individual, which were then sweeping like a flood through the American States.

For a while resistance was effective. From 1790 to 1820, Emerson declared in later years, 'there was not a book, a speech, a conversation, or a thought in the State'. It was pardonable exaggeration. But even in these years change was on the way. In the ethical, rationalistic guise of Unitarianism, championed by the outstanding figure of William Ellery Channing, European romanticism was finding its first challenging expression. For the Calvinist God of Wrath he preached a God of Love, Father not Judge; against ineradicable evil he taught human perfectibility; he demanded respect for human nature, reverence for human liberty, for free thought and free speech. The world, he wrote, is 'carried forward by truth, which at first offends, which wins its way by degrees, which the many hate and would rejoice to crush. The right of free discussion is therefore to be guarded by the friends of mankind, with peculiar jealousy. It is at once the most sacred, and the most endangered of all our rights. He who would rob his neighbour of it, should have a mark set upon him as the worst enemy of freedom'.

These, and other such words, were the trumpet-call to the generation then growing up, for many, the most vital, of whom the dry bones of Puritanism had ceased to have meaning, who felt welling within them the inspiration of new doctrines of man's inherent virtue. The claims of conscience, hitherto regarded as principally personal, began to receive a wider, a social, application. Reformist movements became prominent—the greatest, and the best remembered, being that for abolition of negro slavery. Certain individuals, and these, it happened, the greatest of their day and place, carried forward the tenets of Unitarianism to the more mystical platform of Transcendentalism. Unitarianism, it might be said, saw men as God's beloved sons; Transcendentalism found within them the Divinity itself. 'Practically', one of its historians has defined, Transcendentalism 'was an assertion of the inalienable worth of man; theoretically it was an assertion of the imminence of divinity in instinct, the transference of supernatural attributes to the natural constitution of mankind'. It was, by prepossession and in effect, ethical rather than theological; in every realm, even of politics and economics, it set Righteousness before Law.

## The Transcendentalists

Of necessity it was absolutely individualist. Accept God within, and self-sufficiency is obvious. But this leads to other less acceptable conclusions. 'Nothing', says Emerson in one of his essays, 'can bring you peace but yourself'. Of equal necessity it was absolutely democratic, but again Emerson at least suffered no easy delusions: 'When I . . . speak of the democratic element, I do not mean that ill thing, vain and loud, which writes lying newspapers, spouts at caucuses, and sells its lies for gold; but that spirit of love for the general good whose name this assumes. . . . I beg I may not be understood to praise anything which the soul in you does not honour'. He saw, deeper than most, and the thread of his insight runs through all his writings, the possibility of a



real democracy born of an unmilitant individualism, an individualism rooted, not in the beast, but in the divine in man. Perhaps it is an individualism which few men find, because few find that inner peace, but Emerson and Thoreau, these knew it (the latter shaping his life by it as few have done), and Whitman bugled it abroad in terms resonant and magnificent:

I will leave all and come and make the hymns of you,  
None has understood you, but I understand you,  
None has done justice to you, you have not done justice to yourself,  
None but has found you imperfect, I only find no imperfection in you,  
None but would subordinate you, I only am he who will never consent  
to subordinate you,  
I only am he who places over you no master, owner, better, God,  
beyond what waits intrinsically in yourself.

It was a call, as has been said, for a union on a new level of the two outstanding New England traits, Puritan self-discipline and pioneer independence, ethical yet tolerant and, in the last resort, humble. But it came too late, or perhaps indeed too soon. Abolition precipitated the Civil War, and the country wakened from one nightmare only to find itself thrust into another, as bond-slave of a peculiarly unscrupulous and inescapable industrialism. Freedom vanished with the passing of the frontier, and life for most became but a race to determine who should be exploiter, who exploited. The nation was like a patient too deep in pain to listen to the wisest doctor's words.

### Retreat into Gentility

The main New England reaction was very typical of its general past history. It retired into a remote 'gentility' in the windowless summer-house of the Genteel Tradition, whose touchstones, it has been well said, were 'the possession of good manners, a genuine but frigid culture, a scrupulous regard for appearances, and a determination to admit the existence of nothing unpleasant'. There had always been much opposition among the academic 'Brahmins' (the label explains itself) to what seemed the excesses of the Transcendentalists, and it was doubtless amid much general relief that Wendell Holmes and Russell Lowell, as the new leaders of opinion, stepped into shoes too large for them, but which they managed nevertheless to occupy with genuine dignity. They remain

amiable figures, both of them, and far removed from the Calvinist attitude, but they drew the blind no less decisively upon their immediate predecessors. The living spirit, after a brief visitation, was cast out, and though 'Brahmin' standards successfully held the field to the century's end, no major figure was to appear under their auspices. They did their best to vitiolate Howells as novelist; the slender work of Sarah Orne Jewett and Mary Wilkins Freeman deserves no more than minor mention. Only a few poets seem to have escaped—Emily Dickinson, whose work was perhaps never meant for publication, and in our own time Robinson, Frost, and Edna St. Vincent Millay, all of whom have in any case liberated themselves (by emigration) to breathe a wider air.

### The New Humanists of Today

It is rather in criticism that the New England influence finds its expression today, notably in the New Humanism of Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More, which is, as a critical attitude, in the last resort essentially negative and not without a touch even of an earlier Puritanism in its strictures upon all the manifestations of romanticism, Rousseauistic and other. It is in absolute denial of the essential faith of Emerson and Thoreau, Channing and Parker, in their own humankind. The wheel has come full circle—New England denies its own finest flowering, and in terms almost of a Calvinist severity.

Is there, it may be asked, anywhere in American thought today a more real recognition of these Emersonian teachings? There is, frankly, not much. One finds it, rather dubiously, in the criticism of Van Wyck Brooks, more confidently in that of Lewis Mumford. America, in its tempestuous eager progress, has swept onward past Emerson, past Whitman, has submerged New England, as a cultural entity, altogether. May it not find, one sometimes wonders, that it has taken the wrong road, and that in Emerson's conception of not conflicting but mutually harmonious individualisms as the basis of harmonious society, and in his pointing of the way towards that attainment, lies the only possible and permanent solution of its social and national distresses? And not only its, but the world's!

## Professor and Poets

Oxford Lectures on Poetry. By E. de Selincourt. Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.

OF THE BOOK'S TEN CHAPTERS eight were lectures delivered by the author as Professor of Poetry at Oxford. Of the other two, one was a centenary address on Keats, the other an essay on Wordsworth's recently discovered preface to his early tragedy, 'The Borderers'. These added chapters are the best in the book and they indicate the field of the author's critical effectiveness. Professor de Selincourt has an editor's close knowledge of Keats and when he traces 'the reaction of Keats' life and character upon his art' he writes with a well-grounded assurance that makes us listen with respect. He is particularly cogent in emphasising Keats' intellectual eagerness and moral independence. As a whole the Keats lecture is a judicious and excellently proportioned sketch, well suited to its centenary purpose. Similarly when Professor de Selincourt fixes Wordsworth's preface to 'The Borderers' (in itself an acute discussion of the motives of crime by a poet usually thought deficient in psychological subtlety) in its place in Wordsworth's mental development, he speaks with the authority of a distinguished scholar who has, after years of close study, contributed many important facts to our knowledge of Wordsworth's life and works.

But when in the Oxford lectures proper the author leaves the fields where he is an acknowledged specialist, there is less distinction and more commonplace. He rarely touches the quality of such solid pieces of previous criticism as his prefaces to the Oxford Spenser and the versions of Wordsworth's 'Prelude'. There are interesting special points in all the lectures; but the more general the topic, the less effective is the treatment. In the lectures on Chaucer, there is a careful discussion of the character of Pandarus in 'Troilus and Criseyde', but the statement that 'the best of Chaucer has still the freshness of an April morning' is in its lack of novelty not altogether out of keeping with the lectures' prevailing tone. Similarly the large

pronouncement in the Spenser lecture that 'great poetry is not mere filigree, however exquisite; it is expression; and its mysterious beauty of thought and word can only arise from depths of personal experience' contrasts ill with a well illustrated discussion of Spenser's bent to allegory. As could be conjectured from the above quotation, Professor de Selincourt looks on literature with the eyes of the late nineteenth or early twentieth century; and it cannot be said that his restatement or modification of this view in his lecture 'On Poetry' is very notable. It contains indeed an able refutation of the Abbé Bremond's identification of the mystical and poetical experiences; but it is when the lecturer comments incidentally on Wordsworth's critical ideas that the matter becomes more interesting as the mode of presentment becomes more vital.

E. M. W. TILLYARD

A number of eminent continental physicians have contributed to the compilation of an *Encyclopædia of Sexual Knowledge* which on its publication abroad last year was found to meet a real popular need for authoritative information. This has now been translated into English and published by Francis Aldor (36s.) under the editorship of Dr. Norman Haire, who has himself contributed several additional chapters to the new edition. In his introduction he stresses the value of such volumes, provided that the information they give be accurate, the exposition lucid, and they are free from sentimentalism. These qualities may reasonably be claimed for this encyclopædia, which, treated as a work of reference by parents, teachers and guardians, will be found useful for help in imparting necessary knowledge to the young at the right time and place. It covers the ground thoroughly and gives up-to-date information on many present day scientific problems, such as 'rejuvenation', about which popular fancy gathers without accurate understanding.



## The Listener's Book Chronicle

**Beside the Seaside.** Edited by Yvonne Cloud  
Stanley Nott. 7s. 6d.

SCARBOROUGH HAS, on her posters and picture post-cards, staked her claim to the title, Queen of Watering Places; but no self-glorification, in these days of Beauty Contests, goes unchallenged, and here, in this volume of essays edited by Miss Yvonne Cloud, six authors go in search of their ideal and each, it appears, in his or her own eyes, finds it. The seaside movement in England is comparatively novel. Until, in 1750, Dr. Russell published his Latin treatise on the use of sea-water, the oceans and channels surrounding England had been regarded as valuable for strategic rather than hygienic, æsthetic or social purposes. Shakespeare, it is true, saw England as a precious jewel set in silver sea; but poets must have their license. When boats were small, travel dangerous, and 'luxury' the last word likely to be associated with its contemporary partner 'cruise', when bathing could be considered—as in Elizabethan Cambridge—an offence punishable by the stocks or whipping, when exposure to the elements was tolerable only in the interests of sport, save by the 'poor', it never occurred to inlanders that once a year their souls and bodies required of them a journey to the edge of their indented island. Indeed the seaside holiday is still pre-eminently an English habit, like high tea, Sunday and Marble Arch Orations.

Miss Cloud says in her introduction that no sooner were the six towns chosen assigned to their historians than desperate rivalries began to assert themselves. . . . 'They positively shouted each other down, capping Bournemouth with Scarborough, this Blackpool tit-bit with that Brighton gem, until one might fairly have supposed them to be discussing sales'. But it is possible that the editor shared what will almost certainly be the opinion of many readers, that the championship has been won by Miss Kate O'Brien with her essay on Southend. Why else should she have been given precedence before Blackpool, Scarborough or Brighton? For Miss O'Brien is a romantic, and the seaside can only be properly regarded through romantic eyes. Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge is a trifle too conscious of Bournemouth's bourgeois superiority, the 'elegance' of its beach, the exclusiveness of its bathchairs. Mr. V. S. Pritchett suffers from the complex imposed upon his infantile psyche by exclusion from 'the seaside', so he writes of Scarborough as a courtesan among cities, 'a town in which one does not work or earn, but lives in idleness'. He sees in 'a town like Scarborough . . . the faint—but very faint—touch of the pathos of a pantomime'—he is a little shocked that the hard-working port, which had once drawn into its harbour wines, timber, hemp, flax and iron, should come to hang itself with garlands of coloured electric lights and entertain visitors on a miniature railway. Miss Antonia White is naturally and properly scholarly about Brighton. Without the Prince Regent and the Pavilion, Brighton would never have achieved its unique flavour of mingled eighteenth-century, Leicester Square, and Hampstead Heath-upon-Whit-Monday, and certainly even Sir Harry Preston's most exuberant enterprises never rivalled those of Beau Nash in his heyday. Mr. James Laver loves and understands Blackpool. He knows that it is 'the place where you get more for your money than anywhere else on earth'. The biographer of John Wesley and Nymph Errant can well appreciate the town that built the Great Wheel and that still opens its windows at half-past ten on summer evenings to emit the strains of hymns sung lustily in chorus. But Miss O'Brien has seen Southend in a sort of magic. It glows through even the tragic little incident of the stuffed kingfisher. Thus do the holiday-makers see the sands and gardens, the esplanades and piers of their ephemeral paradises.

There is one defect about the otherwise admirable make-up of an entertaining and comely volume. Its publishers have followed that sadly fashionable affectation of putting no title nor explanation to most of their illustrations, as though we were either so knowledgeable that we must recognise them, or so placid that we enjoy being puzzled. Most of us are neither.

**Essays Presented to C. G. Seligman.** Kegan Paul. 21s. Many years ago in Greece famous men assembled to compete for a laurel wreath. The judges noticed an old man seated by the door, and asked him, if he were a candidate, what had he done for his country. He replied that he had been the teacher of

the other candidates, and the crown was awarded to him. Anthropologists have honoured themselves by spontaneously placing the crown on the head of their teacher, Professor Seligman, the thirty contributors to this notable volume including his pupils E. E. Evans-Pritchard, Raymond Firth, Bronislaw Malinowski, I. Schapera, Audrey Richards and Gordon Browne. The others who have delighted to honour him include Dr. Haddon, Dr. Marrett, and many others, among whom Mrs. Seligman finds a worthy place. An inscribed copy was presented to the master, when he was made an Emeritus Professor of Ethnology, and the conception of the book is a fine tribute to a wonderful worker—the bibliography of his works from 1896 to 1934 is stupendous—and to one who is as modest as he is capable. It is to be hoped that he will now realise how universally he is respected and loved in the field of anthropology.

That field today, thanks largely to him, is an all-embracing one, which has burst from the narrow bounds which seemed at one time to confine it. Apart from the personal aspect that is, therefore, one of the charms of this volume, for it might well be called a revelation of anthropology. Eschatology and the measurement of skulls have now taken a back place, while ethnogenics, or human ecology, have come to the fore, but there is no real rivalry between the many branches of the study of man: it is above all else team-work, of which this fascinating book gives proof. It is also disinterested team-work, for the team seeks no more for itself than does the individual, its only aim being to make possible the work of others, since everyone has need of the work that it is doing. The truth of this assertion is made clear in these pages, for no intelligent person can fail to find in them some essay of particular interest to him, and the others which make less appeal will, nevertheless, open up for him some new world. Its publication is particularly opportune in view of the International Anthropological Congress now sitting in London, for reading this book will enable the ordinary man to follow its deliberations with live interest. The world is so full of problems due to the complexity of human nature, and anthropology is but the study of mankind. It therefore provides a clue (though not a solution) for those problems, and clues are what we need. This book is only an anthology, but a wonderful one, made so by the inspiration of the writers in the broadest school of life, and in their love for the master; and Sir William Rothenstein's drawing of Seligman, which serves as frontispiece, will give the uninitiated some idea of why this is so.

**Geoffrey Chaucer.** By John Livingstone Lowes  
Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d.

The most generally interesting chapter in Professor Lowes' book (a course of lectures originally delivered at Swarthmore College early in 1932) is that dealing with Chaucer's mental background. The scholarly analyses of sources which follow, the account of the fantastic and unreal 'Roman de la Rose' tradition with its inevitable enchanted garden on a May morning, that dream that bewitched the mediæval imagination when first bodied forth in the work of Machaut, Froissart and Deschamps, the poets who overshadowed Chaucer's youth, are more especially the province of the specialist, and seemingly have little to do with our pleasure in Chaucer's mature and more important work. The development of a great poet must be traced, however, and though this book does not actually discover any new ground, rather directing our attention to particular aspects of the old, in its plain, straightforward presentation of rather obscure material, and in its crystalline analysis of the more familiar poems, it should help immensely towards a more general understanding of a poet who after all wrote essentially for the plain man.

It is all the more worth while to study in some detail the mental background of our first great poet because in these days of eclecticism there is a tendency to concentrate upon results in art without taking into consideration the material circumstances that produced them. As today we think of radio, relativity, Freud and Marxism, the people of Chaucer's time thought of planetary hours, signs of the zodiac, astrolabes and the marvels of the Land of Prester John. To them the world (the 'mappamonde' as they called it) was a T within an O, having Europe in the north-west quadrant, the north of Africa in the south-west and in the whole of the eastern segment Asia, and all this circled round with 'Ocean, that great sea'. On the limits of the world roamed fabulous monsters and the Anthropophagi, on the limits of Asia stood the Gates of Paradise. Round this fixed



earth revolved the seven planets which, though competing strangely with the Germanic Pantheon, still give their names to our days of the week: Saturn, Sun, Moon, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter and Venus.

Chaucer lives, however, not by virtue of the ideology of his time. He lives because he was not only the most literary but the most human poet then writing—because he dealt with plain yet exquisite art with the larger and more enduring elements of human nature. In his work, as Professor Lowes truly says, 'we have to do with timeless creations on a time-determined stage'. But it is ironical that Chaucer, the most human of our poets except Shakespeare, who wrote, more than Shakespeare, for the plain man, should have become, through slight changes in the language, the province of scholars and University professors—of all the community the least human. It is Professor Lowes' greatest virtue that he emphasises all through his book the fact that the task of reading Chaucer is by no means so formidable as it is generally made out to be. 'A bare fraction of the time', he says, 'which we spend in learning to read Homer or Virgil or Dante or Molière or Goethe will enable us to read Chaucer as he is meant to be read . . . with delight'. And certainly there is no other poet whom we can read, once we have got used to his language, with such sheer enjoyment.

### English Furniture. By John Gloag. Black. 7s. 6d.

This book is the latest addition to the excellent series 'The Library of English Art'; but it falls short of the high standard that has hitherto been maintained. It was in an unfortunate hour that Mr. Gloag, who is a competent and interesting writer on modern design, decided to undertake a book of which the greater part is devoted to historic design. As he tells us, he has written neither a technical treatise nor an academic manual for the collector, but any kind of reader wishing to gain a comprehensive knowledge of the evolution of the design of furniture will require a far greater degree of accuracy than is to be found here. The author would be hard put to it to prove that 'the cabriole leg gained most of its subtle refinements' in Holland; it would be still more difficult to substantiate the claim that the X chair formerly in Archbishop Juxon's possession was 'the chair in which Charles I sat during his trial'. But it is Mr. Gloag's observations on various designers and their pattern-books that more seriously undermine the value of his book. It is perhaps pardonable to translate the well-known designer Vredeman De Vries into Jean Vredeman Frison (a gallicised version of his name incorrectly taken from a title-page where it is printed VREDMAN *frison*), but to refer to 'turgent inventions' in Frison's copy-book is gauche. Batty Langley's *Treasury of Designs* is 'presumed' to have been published earlier than 1750. A reference to the British Museum catalogue would have revealed 1740 as the date. When Chippendale is considered we are treated to a spate of lively invective, born of the author's personal dislike of rococo ornament, but no mention is made of indebtedness to Lock and Copland, the real inventors of his style. Ince and Mayhew's *Universal System* is dated ten years too early and the same authors are credited, under an incorrect title and date, with the Society of Upholsterers' work *Household Furniture in Genteel Taste* (1765).

There are 24 excellent plates, including examples of modern furniture, in which the objects are not photographed *in vacuo* but in attractive settings. Here again, however, the author allows inaccuracy to intrude. The style of the chest (Plate 2) with a front of jointed boards and with strap-hinges is that of the fifteenth or even early sixteenth, rather than the thirteenth century. There is a rather wide gap between Thomas Hope and Sir Ambrose Heal which could well have been filled with an example of Morris' or Gimson's work, especially as the author rightly emphasises the important contribution of the latter towards the creation of a twentieth-century style.

### Labour and War. By Bjarne Braatoy Allen and Unwin 8s. 6d.

This book, in spite of its excellent title, will appeal to a limited public. Its perusal necessitates close concentration and it is written in a heavy cautious style. Professor Harold Laski in his brief preface makes three statements which largely epitomise the direction of the book—'Of all parties to the social question the working classes suffer most from war. . . . The realist student of Mr. Braatoy's pages will not, I think, arise from their reading with any profound sense of comfort. . . . There is nothing to suggest an ability to make Governments hesitate before the impulse to make war sufficiently to bring into effective

play an opposition which would threaten their existence because they proposed war'. The public temper at present is gloomy upon proposals for international understanding. It is wearied by the subjective posturings of Governments who do not begin to put into practice the simple convictions of the mass of their subjects. The ordinary man says, 'I want peace. If you prepare for war you will some day do that for which you are preparing. Therefore abstain from preparations. Disarm'. The same victim of the rulers, wearied by two years' futility, might see this book and infer that here was a new solution. But he would be disappointed. He would read: 'Every declaration of Labour bodies on war is, first, a document of protest, and only secondly an indication of the implications of the protest. It is therefore not wholly justifiable to read into the protest the qualifications which an imperfect realisation of or contradictory statement of the implications might suggest. That would mean leaving the dynamics of the protest out of account'. The admirable objectivity of that and similar passages would not compensate for their sterility. Perhaps another quotation explains the book's general sense of frustration: 'the dominating uniform demand of labour in the modern era of working-class organisation has been a regulation of working hours'. Such preoccupation is not the fault of Mr. Bjarne Braatoy. At the end of the book he states the case for a General Strike without condemning or condoning it. The last sentence of all is noteworthy—'not only the burden of war, but also the responsibility for war now rests four-square with the people themselves'. But all through the reader is troubled by a feeling of unreality. Nowhere is there the necessary emphasis upon the almost inevitably shattering character of any future major outbreak. The 'experts' tell us that without warning, still more without declaration, the sky will be darkened by carriers of fire, plague, devastation and death. There is no exposure of the kind of technique suggested by a 'card vote of the T.U.C.'. That is the really laughable absurdity about sectional war-resistance. As things are, a dominant faction in any country is capable and will become progressively more capable of paralysing and pulverising its neighbour's heart in a few hours. We are given a glimpse or two of the non-party solution to which opinion is steadily inclining. 'It is conceivable that an international police force constituted *ad hoc* or functioning permanently might prove useful where international solidarity had prevailed to a certain extent with the disputants'. This proposal deserves more prominence than a parenthesis.

Any book which deals with the problem of eliminating war is more complete if it includes a study of the method by which X lashes Y into a state of warlike fury. We should like to see what Mr. Braatoy would make of such an examination. His present treatment is too like offering a cure for cancer at the moment of death. If he can still postulate a factor of delay, we wonder how he would propose to make people immune from the kind of appeal which precedes an international catastrophe. How is their credulity heightened? By what guileful technique is their resistance to nonsense lowered? The quality of the writing and the infinitely careful construction of this book make one sure that he could successfully research into the means of implanting a conditioned reflex, and study the formation of those irrational judgments which inform and inflame the human dupes of international disputes.

### Trial of Guy Fawkes and Others

Edited by Donald Carswell. Hodge. 10s. 6d.

It is less the trial itself that is the central feature of interest in this newest volume, added to the 'Notable British Trials' series, than the notorious Gunpowder Plot which was its cause. Guy Fawkes' attempt to blow up Parliament is now so much part of our traditional history that it can hardly suffer degradation to the status of mere legend, which is what Mr. Carswell seems to aim at in his introduction. He resuscitates evidence brought forward some years ago by Father Gerard, who sought to prove that there never was any genuine plot, but only a 'frame-up' on the part of Salisbury and his spies for political purposes. Mr. Carswell is more cautious in conclusions than Father Gerard, but he casts so many doubts upon the Plot's authenticity as to make us wish that it were possible to clear up the mystery more definitely. There were certainly odd features about the affair—the 'fishy' circumstances surrounding Lord Monteagle's receipt of the famous anonymous letter of warning, for instance, and the curious coincidence of the deaths of Whynyard (who controlled the cellar) and Tresham (who betrayed the Plot) before they could reveal all they knew. Mr. Carswell's account leaves us in little doubt that the Government (perhaps



not King James himself) were privy to the Plot, and that it suited Salisbury's book to let it come to a head, or even through his spies to encourage it to do so. But this hardly justifies the parallel which Mr. Carswell seeks to draw between the Gunpowder Plot and a supposed Communist conspiracy suddenly discovered by an anti-Socialist government in modern Britain, under circumstances resembling the setting of an Edgar Wallace story. The parallel breaks down at many points. Cecil's government in James I's day had recent history to guide them, in the shape of a whole series of assassination plots planned by Catholics against Elizabeth, and only avoided through the efficiency of Walsingham's spy system. The discovery that another plot was in the making—that it was badly managed was nothing new, since all Catholic plots of the period were badly managed—may well have seemed to Cecil a godsend. He let it mature, in order finally to destroy the possibility of further plots from the same source. If his methods were Machiavellian, his statesmanship was far-seeing. The Plot caught hold of the popular imagination, and so gave England a festival which indissolubly links together her Protestantism and her Parliamentarianism.

### An Empty Land. By the Hon. Sir John Kirwan Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.

In attacking the problem of Australia's empty North, Sir John Kirwan, with statesmanlike boldness, summarily dismisses in a chapter or two all that the settled Southern districts of Western Australia have laboriously built up in the first century of their existence—the struggles of the early pioneers and the 'gold boom' of the 'nineties that attracted to the colony, among others, Herbert Hoover, President-to-be of the United States. He turns for his inspiration towards the great uninhabited spaces of the Kimberley country, some of it still as unsettled as when Captain (afterwards Sir George) Grey visited it in 1837; to the cattle regions of the Northern Territory, almost as fantastically uncivilised as they were when that arch-impostor, de Rougemont, as Henry Grien, spent many months there as cook at Newry station; to the pearling industry at Broome; and to the iron deposits at Yampi Sound. Hitherto little has been done by Governments situated exclusively in the South to develop the million square miles of territory that forms Australia's tropical heritage, but in the remarkable advance of modern science in the way of ice-making plants, mechanical fans, septic tanks, telephones, wireless and aeroplane services, Sir John foresees a solution to the problem of settling a European race in what is now hardly more than 'a sportsman's paradise'. His plan is for chartered companies to take over these Lands of the Future lying north of the Tropic of Capricorn in latitudes identical with those of Brazil, Peru and Rhodesia; one company to operate the country lying to the South of the Gulf of Carpentaria, including the Barklay Tableland, and having as its port the mouth of the McArthur River; another company to operate the Victoria River area, with a natural shipping port at Wyndham, now chiefly famous as the landing-ground or 'hopping-off' place for world fliers like Morrison, Scott and Kingsford Smith. By conserving the water supply, by systematic fencing and by introducing stud stock, Sir John declares, the number of herds that the country can carry will be increased fivefold, the quality of beef improved, and he makes the surprising suggestion that sheep flesh could be used for meat extract purposes in place of beef, from which, he says, it is indistinguishable! Under this new regime a new era of prosperity would set in for the meat works at Wyndham, besides providing a market for tens of thousands of old sheep which in recent years have had to be destroyed.

In addition to a mind well stored with useful facts, Sir John possesses a Munchausen-like gift for story-telling; his tales of queer bush characters range from the naive and ingenuous to the incredible and frankly horrible.

### Moving Along. By G. Orioli Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.

*Moving Along* is a mental journey through a real country. Four friends are taking a rambling tour through old Calabria. Please note that it is not a prearranged tour; but just a 'moving along', as the fancy may be, from place to place; a most pleasant way of journeying, provided that you are prepared to take lightly the inconveniences, and that the company is good, as in this case. The travellers were four men with an itinerant taste—three Englishmen, one of whom was Norman Douglas the novelist, and one Italian; and the story is told by the latter, who

appears to be a most enjoyable fellow. As a matter of fact, Signor Orioli is almost a celebrity amongst the English writers and lovers of arts who live—more or less—in Florence, for he was the Italian publisher of D. H. Lawrence. In his ordinary life he is a bookseller who has made a speciality of old books; and his trade has given him an eye for the rare and the anecdotal, which is the first gift of an itinerant diarist. He is not interested at all in scenery. He cannot revel in scenery 'after the romantic fashion of Northern people'; he is more interested in humanity than in Nature, for he is 'hopelessly Latin'. The shape of a strange mountain or river attracts him less than the faces and conversation of strange men: but how he sees the men, and how delightfully he sets the scenery around them! And how nicely he intersperses an anecdote or a funny experience or a digression into his favourite subject of old books. 'In a place like Cosenza one never knew what one might find! Some rare incunabula maybe, or Salandra's "Adamo Caduto", which, though not *antichissimo* (it was printed here, at Cosenza, in 1647) is nevertheless of the greatest value, as being the source of Milton's "Paradise Lost".' No, Signor Orioli did not have the luck of finding Salandra's 'Adamo Caduto', no more than Norman Douglas had, when travelling through old Calabria twenty years ago. It is amusing to note that both have made the same bibliographical error; for the 'Adamo Caduto' was not the work of Salandra, but of Father Serafino della Salandra—Salandra being a small village in the neighbourhood of Matera. It is, however, true that the 'Adamo Caduto' was the source from which Milton drew the invention of his 'Paradise Lost': the same original fiction of the Universe upheaved by the disobedience of the First Man, the origin of sin and of human misery; the same *dramatis personae*—God and the Angels, and the abstract ideas personified, Air, Fire, Death, Malice and Sin.

Old Calabria is a part of Italy which travellers usually traverse by night, when rushing from Rome or Naples to Palermo and Taormina. And yet Calabria is a part of the world which has often appealed to English writers of imaginative travels: to Norman Douglas, the painter Edward Lear; and that eccentric Scotch clergyman, Ramage, who about 1828 ran all over Italy armed with an umbrella and a top-hat copying inscriptions, and wrote a whimsical book about the *Nooks and Byways of Italy*. Old Calabria is a country where ancient and mediæval history are still intermingled with 'modern' life and different races—Samnite, Greek and Albanian—are quite distinct, in a surrounding that is at times bucolic and at times as tragic as Doré's Inferno. Through this landscape our author 'moves along', noting his mind in a prose that puts many flowers of the greater literary flora in the shade; and has produced a charming book, with a modesty of aims, through which transpires, however, the dignity of the dedication *mihi, Musis et paucis amicis*.

### The Heart of France. By George Slocombe Selwyn and Blount. 10s. 6d.

It would be interesting to collect a library of books on the subject of France that have been published in English since the War. The present writer has reviewed for THE LISTENER alone some half-dozen books on France within the last three years and there are many more which do not come his way. Nearly all these books are by lovers of France, for it would be difficult even for the most genuine hater of that country to write a whole book against it, and when once France does get a hold of your affections it will never let them go. *The Heart of France* is no exception to the rule. The author as a journalist has had the opportunity to see nearly every side of modern French life both before and after the War, and, as a good journalist, has a mind well stored with facts. In this book, however, he strangely avoids coming down to the particular, and each chapter is no more than a revocation of the impressions, the memories of the French scene. It is not surprising, therefore, that the most notable passages of Mr. Slocombe's admirable prose are to be found in that large portion of the book (fully a quarter) dealing with wine, food and inns. That portion of the book itself is divided into twelve subsections on different aspects of eating and drinking in France, and yet the whole thing is a kind of poem in which there are shown few names of places or people. *The Heart of France* is essentially not a guide book nor a book necessarily to encourage people to go to France who have not been there. It is for lovers of France or even for those who know France but have forgotten her. It is impossible to read some of the pages of this book without enduring some pleasant pangs of nostalgia for the inns, the gardens, the cafés, the restaurants, the quiet country places of France. Incidentally, there are some admirable photographs.



## New Novels

*Unfinished Cathedral.* By T. S. Stribling. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

*Going Abroad.* By Rose Macaulay. Collins. 7s. 6d.

*Crack of Whips.* Tales by H. A. Manhood Cape. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

TWO OF THESE BOOKS are obviously destined for a wide public, and will probably reach it. The third, Mr. Manhood's volume of short stories, has clearly been written for the pleasure of doing a piece of work well and coming as near as possible to an ideal of excellence in the author's mind. For the general good it is important that widely read books should be of a high quality, and relatively unimportant that an unpopular volume here and there should be excellent. Yet the opposite is very nearly the rule. If the pleasure which a novel communicates is thin and poor there will be a universal rush for it, whereas if it is rich in promise of enjoyment no persuasion will tempt more than a few to have anything to do with it. Obviously, all books are written for the public, and there is no author, however fastidious by open profession, who does not hope that he will reach the ear of the largest public of all. But that public, which was once one and indivisible, if we are to accept the evidence in Mrs. Q. V. Leavis' excellent book on the subject, has now split into a number of publics, the smaller of which are intelligent but powerless, and the larger uneducated and influential. The laxity of newspaper criticism and the incidence of publishers' advertisements, the general apathy and the sectarian snobbery of small groups, all help to perpetuate this state of affairs, to swell the sale of the second- and third-rate and subdivide the circulation of what genuine literature there is. A writer whose sole recommendation is that he is good at his job is unlikely to come off well in such circumstances. Mr. Manhood's work should appeal to a large public; it is not addressed to any clique; it is free from any eccentricity or obscurity that might repel the ordinary reader; yet one doubts whether it will have the popularity of the other two books on this list, for the sole and absurd reason that it is too good and gives too concentrated pleasure to the reader. The novels by Mr. Stribling and Miss Macaulay are also good, but not too good. As works for the consumption of a public somewhat smaller than the great public, they maintain a standard of thoughtfulness and responsibility, the loss of which would be a real one. The actual evil, for which these authors are not in the least responsible, is that such work, having undeniable virtues, is often taken to be the best that is to be had in prose fiction at present. The result is that the actual best, even when it is neither eccentric nor obscure, has to fall back on an esoteric prestige, and bear with a sort of clandestine fame: a state of things which is bad both for literature and the public.

*Unfinished Cathedral* is the last volume of a trilogy dealing with life in the Southern States of America, of which the first was *The Forge* and the second *The Store*. Mr. Stribling has a good working gift for characterisation, he is an excellent storyteller, and he has an irony which is typically American, and surprises us equally by its trained skill and its essential triteness. This book continues the life-story of Colonel Miltiades Vaiden, a character described with admirable sympathy and fairness, and traces the effects of a boom that comes to the little town of Florence, Alabama, and goes away again. The unfinished cathedral is the symbol of this economic flow and ebb; it is undertaken at the height of the wave and is left high and dry when the slump comes. In telling the story of the minister, Jerry Catlin, half businessman, half shepherd of souls, Mr. Stribling's irony has a suitable theme to work on. Catlin is Colonel Vaiden's nephew, and is appointed by the Colonel's influence as the chief pastor's assistant so that he may get subscriptions for the Colonel's church. In all this it is impossible to distinguish where business ends and religion begins; the confusion is inextricable, and the unctious ubiquitous. Mr. Stribling's satire here is more effective, because more exact and unforced, than that of Mr. Sinclair Lewis in *Elmer Gantry*. His dramatic scenes, too, are admirable; for he invariably keeps the balance even, which in such emergencies is the essential thing. It is when he deals with the intimate feelings of his characters that he becomes disappointing. The relations of Marsan, the Colonel's daughter, with Red McLaughlin, the hundred per cent. American who seduces her after rushing off in the disappointed hope of lynching six negroes for a similar offence, and her later relations with her science teacher, who marries her, are astonishingly commonplace. Elsewhere in his novel Mr. Stribling produces with great force a sense of the emptiness, the forlornness of American life, American religion, American business, even American law-breaking; but when he turns deliberately to treat a theme which

he believes to be of real and rich significance, like Marsan's revolt against convention and her feelings towards her two lovers, the sense of emptiness still remains. Like so many American writers, he has a very efficiently working social sense, and an extraordinarily impoverished sensibility. Jerry Catlin had been in love with the Colonel's wife Sydna before her marriage; he realises that he still loves her, and at a moment of sudden emotion they are thrown together. This is how Mr. Stribling describes the scene:

Almost automatically, out of some psychic mechanism, they clung to each other, and the parade and music and crowd vanished in the intensity of their feeling. With Sydna in his arms, Jerry received a dizzy impression of the complete ripened symmetry of the Venus in the Louvre.

'Out of some psychic mechanism . . . the complete ripened symmetry of the Venus in the Louvre'. Whenever his characters feel deeply, some scientific or literary reminiscence comes in, some tag or other, to fill a gap of which he does not seem to be aware. Yet it is the same gap that he can recognise so clearly when he sees it in American business or American religion.

Miss Macaulay admits that her latest novel is one of 'unredeemed levity'. It is in any case a very amusing book, and while successfully avoiding seriousness, contrives to furnish a witty satire on some imaginary members of the Oxford Group and a married couple who make their livelihood out of beauty recipes; the satire on the first being on the whole sympathetic, on the second somewhat more sharp. A collection of English people, including a philosophical missionary and his erudite wife, as well as a number of other characters, young and old, all of whom can talk amusingly, are captured in the mountains by what they take to be Basque brigands. The missionary's wife tries to improve her knowledge of the Basque language, the Groupers attempt to convert their captors to Buchmanism, the missionary philosophises, the English colonel fumes, and after considerable amusement and discomfort they are all released again. This story is one of the most witty and charming that Miss Macaulay has written, and the most delightful idle reading imaginable.

*Crack of Whips* is a collection of fifteen short stories, all of which are carefully and beautifully finished. For pure effectiveness the title story, which is about a showman who cruelly ill-treats his performing dogs and unexpectedly brings upon himself a horrible punishment, is probably the best. It is a ruthless little summary of low life. 'Three Nails', which has also a rather horrible central incident, contains some of the most exquisite writing in the book, an almost caressing evocation of a few summer days, which makes us forget the bizarre and cruel event hidden behind it, then reveals it and buries it from sight again. There are four Irish stories mainly about fishing, which are perhaps a little too specialised, but the rest are admirable in variety and range. Mr. Manhood's prose is close in texture, rendering not only the shape and colour but the feel of the objects it describes; and its only serious defect is an excessive and sometimes absurd indulgence in adverbs. It maintains such a uniformly good level that one can pick out a few sentences at random, knowing that they will give a fair idea of the whole:

The bakehouse was a lofty, thick-bricked, echo-barn of a place, smelling strongly of yeast and grain, white-dusted with flour even in its highest corners, the cobwebs under the roof looking like fine lace mats, or even thin-chalked targets . . . The bright bits of ornamental brass and a rail or two on the oven pleased me deeply, suggesting a bank or mint to my mind, a place where money might be baked to perfection, for I had always imagined that coins were first shaped, then cooked—what more logical?

There is nothing much in that, but it is a pleasure to read prose so consistently substantial and well-shaped and so innocent of dilution, knowing that it will not fall below this standard. Mr. Manhood's characterisation is much surer in this volume than it was in his first collection of short-stories, *Nightseed*, the detail is admirably treated, the dialogue full of flavour and natural eloquence. The book should be read.

Mr. Muir also recommends: *The Novels of Elinor Wylie* (Secker, 10s. 6d.); *Harvest in the North*, by James Lansdale Hodson (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.); *Hordubal*, by Karel Capek (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.) and *The World Went Mad*, by John Brophy (Cape, 7s. 6d.).